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H. A. MacKinnon
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HAMILTON;

AND

Ontario

OTHER POEMS.

✓
BY WILLIAM A. STEPHENS.

TORONTO:

ROGERS AND THOMPSON, PRINTERS.

1840.

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TO

JAMES BUCHANAN, ESQ.

Her Majesty's Consul at New York.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I know of no one who has felt more solicitude for the prosperity of Canada, and but few who have done so much practically to promote it, particularly by the successful encouragement of immigration, and as you were long the valued friend of my late father, I know of none to whom the following work may with more propriety be dedicated by his son, who has the honor to be, with great respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

Friend and Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

IF the readers of the present work wish to know anything of its history or its author,—I came in the days of early boyhood to this province, with my father and family, who had resolved upon encountering the forests of Canada, since which time I have been principally employed in assisting to hew and burn a farm from out the wilderness, and in cultivating it after it had been cleared, a situation (it will be readily confessed) not the most favorable in the world for literary improvement. Indeed, almost the whole of the present volume has been composed while employed in the business of the farm, and during the usual intervals of relaxation.

As to the smaller pieces, they have been composed at different periods, from the age of eighteen till the present time, several of which have been printed before in some of our Canadian periodicals.

The history of the principal poem is simply this : last summer I was on a jury at Hamilton, and one evening, while taking tea at the house of a female friend, I was speaking in high terms of the view from the top of the mountain, when she intimated that I ought to write a description of what I so much admired. The next day, while in conversation with a gentleman of my acquaintance, I asked him if he had ever seen a description of Hamilton; he replied that he had seen two, both of which were in prose, but he added, to have a proper effect it should be done in *poetry*. I took the hint—the next morning I visited the mountain at sunrise; it was a glorious morning in June, and, with a soul glowing with enthusiasm, I commenced the poem.

At first I intended it only for the columns of a newspaper or magazine—indeed, I did not think that I could have sustained an effort through a poem of any importance; but when I found that my muse was resolved upon a longer flight, I gave her freedom of wing and she has produced a volume.

Some months ago, I sent an extract from the principal poem (a description of the steam-boat) to New York, which was published in the *Emigrant and Old Countryman* of the 30th of October, and it had the effect of eliciting the first and only editorial approbation my poetry has ever received. The Editor observed, “We conceive there is both original thinking and much poetic feeling in this effort, and we believe that here are exhibited promises of future excellence in the world of poesy.”

I shall of course feel much gratified, if the Editor of that paper finds by the perusal of the

present volume, that those promises are in any measure fulfilled.

To the friends from whom I have received encouragement during the progress of the present work, and to the gentlemen of the press, who have copied my prospectus and advertisement, I feel grateful; and I hope that some of those who have refused to *subscribe*, when they obtain a further knowledge of the work, will be induced to *purchase* it.

If this volume is *favorably* received, I shall probably at some future period solicit a renewal of that favor; and in the meantime I have the honor to be, to the public and more particularly to my subscribers,

Their most obedient

Humble servant,

WILLIAM A. STEPHENS.

Esquesing, Feb. 1840.

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HAMILTON;

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Scene—The Mountain above the Town.

The opening of the Poem—the glory of the landscape—the manner of its creation—the appearance of the plants and animals as they rise into being—false delicacy reproved—the creation of Adam—Paradise lost and regained—an apology for wandering—an address to the muse—Homer—strictures on duelling—Lake Ontario in calm and in storm—the River St. Lawrence—source and course—return again of its waters through the medium of the clouds, by which is illustrated the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.



HAMILTON;

BOOK I.

O, what a glorious sense is vision ! see unfurl'd
The wondrous glories of our wondrous world !
The eye is a Daguerreotype, which brings
Within the soul all bright created things.
Night has withdrawn her curtain westward far ;
Of all her empire not a single star
Remains behind—Sol bursts upon the sight,
And fills creation with his golden light :
When God commanded—Let dry land appear !
Beauty and Grandeur both presided here ;
They ask'd permission, which th' Eternal gave—
While plains and mountains rose above the wave,
The mighty landscape which we now behold
In glorious sublimity to mould.

Methinks I see the wild waves roaring foam,
 All rushing down the mountains to their home,
 Where soon they settle to a mirror's calm,
 While into life the finny myriads swarm.

As yet, the landscape all is bleak and bare—
 No! see the flow'rs are springing, fresh and fair,
 Throwing their new-born incense on the air;
 New objects rise, delighting ev'ry sense—
 By magic is it?—No! Omnipotence!
 Now rise th' ambitious forests' tow'ring high,
 Bearing their leafy honors to the sky;
 But on yon mountain's verge, of azure tinge,
 Dim distance sinks them to a verdant fringe.
 While all around, the humid mould is seen
 Changing its surface to a living green—
 But all that's made on mountain, vale or grove,
 Stands where it rose, and has no pow'r to move:
 Flow'rs, plants and forests stand where first they
 stood,
 When God created them and call'd them "good."

Altho' the flowrets breathe their odors round,
 They have not pow'r to trip along the ground.
 But see—what's this ? behold a wonder here—
 Yon shapeless mass has bounded off—a deer !
 And see yon hillock move—behold it pant—
 It rises now a mighty elephant :
 And see yon piece of turf—aloft it springs
 To heav'n exulting on its new-born wings ;
 While all around, upstarting from the earth,
 Myriads of beings rise to sudden birth :
 While beasts, call'd savage, range thro' hill and
 glen,—

Bears, wolves and tigers all were harmless then.
 God made them good, and tho' *they* never ate
 The Tree of Knowledge, yet it was their fate—
 As man was monarch of each lower thing—
 That they, his subjects, all should suffer with
 their King.

There starts a cock—just as the *rooster* rose
 He clapp'd his wings—how cheerily he crows !

—There are some squeamish ladies who think
shame

To give old chanticleer his proper name !

“ To those who evil think let evil be,”

Was said by one of you, and so say we ;

If “ to the pure all things are pure,” why then

Your delicacy’s false—I say again

Your delicacy’s false ! *Not in the sound,*

But in the thought, impurity is found.

For instance, if we speak of *frosty hoar,*

Who thinks a *w* might be before ?

You think of nothing but the dew of heaven

Turn’d chrystal by the frigid breath of even ;

So where’s the use of such affected fluster ?

Suppose we say cock, chanticleer or rooster :

By this digression we have meant to free

These ladies from their *roosterology* !

But to return, and leave this foolish foible,

That reigns from Halifax to sultry Mobile.

Of all the creatures which around us rise,
That walk the earth or wing them to the skies—
Of ev'ry species there exists but one,
All males as yet—of females there are none :
And tho' they sport, and sing, or gambol round,
No two in close companionship are found,
But when the sun had left the glowing west,
Tired of their gambolling they sink to rest,
Buried at once in their first sleep profound,
Perch'd on the trees, or crouch'd upon the
ground,

They all repose until the morning ray
Proclaim'd the coming of the new-born day,
Roused from their slumbers all these sleepers find
With pleased surprise a comrade of their kind.
They lay them down all singly in their lairs
To sleep, alone, but now they rise in pairs :
Beside the fleecy ram starts up an ewe,
Beside the antler'd buck a nimble doe ;
And see, by warm unerring instinct drawn,
Upon the lioness the lion fawn.

The cock's shrill clarion wakes a startled hen
Before he clapp'd his wings to crow again ;
From off the perch upon the ground she flew,
The cock soon follow'd, eager to pursue,
She looks behind her, half-inclined to stay,
But tim'rous still, she flies and runs away ;
He soon o'ertakes her, and with cackling fluster
Tells her he's nothing but a harmless rooster :
Tho' shy at first, she's won by his narration,
And cackles forth her cordial approbation.
Now for the first time feels he love and pride,
And spreads his plumes to his admiring bride ;
He cackles low, displays his golden wing,
And struts around her in a circling ring :
When sundry other shewy freaks are done,
He claps his wings and sounds his clarion,
That all the new-created world may hear
The nuptial trumpet of plumed chanticleer.

Then Time was young—but now six thousand
years

Have roll'd in company with rolling spheres,
Since God's first fiat—"Let there now be light!"
Wide flash'd effulgence on chaotic night,
Then "Let the light be gather'd," it was done,
It flew to one bright point, and form'd a sun,
Who rules, a king sublime—his realm is light,
Girt by a wide circumference of night.
And when the world—a glorious domain—
Was finish'd all, there was no king to reign;
But soon a wondrous being rose to birth,
Part sprung from heav'n, but close allied to earth,
His form material moulded from the clod,
The intellectual part—the breath of God!
Amazing union this of mould and mind—
God's image, form'd of clay, and call'd mankind!
While Adam sleeps, another form is cast—
Hail, beauteous woman, loveliest and last!
Tho' man is monarch, yet he owns her sway,
She best can rule, when willing to obey.

We shall not pause to weep o'er Adam's fall,
 Who sinn'd and would have fled Jehovah's call,
 Tho' Paradise was lost as soon as stain'd,
 There is a brighter Paradise regained :
 The Second Adam, God, who was the Word,
 Achieved the triumph—David's Son and Lord !
 For those who earnestly would wish to be
 Admitted here, *faith* is the only fee ;
 But some there are who think e'en Paradise
 Is little worth, if purchased without price ;
 Yet for the purchase, yes ! a *price* was paid,
Worth more than worlds, tho' 'gainst it worlds
 were weigh'd !
 What was the purchase? 'twas a Saviour's blood !
 Who was that Saviour, say ? the Son of God !
 For man he did what man could ne'er have
 wrought ;
 To man he gave, what man could ne'er have
 bought,
 A glorious gift, an Eden in the skies,
 Accept it then, O fools ! and ye are wise.

But some, perhaps, there are who think my strain
Is too religious; let them think again.

For, though they may believe their thoughts are
wise,

Their wisdom is but folly in disguise,
And for't I dare not e'en apologise.

As light resum'd her empire in the sky,
I wander'd here, intending to descry,
And then describe the scenery around,
The lofty mountain, and the deep profound ;
The town, the bay, the woods, and table-land,
With all that's seen, or beautiful or grand,
But for my subjects I have wandered far,
Thro' time and space, with chance my guiding
star ;

My muse capricious, oft on fitful wing,
Flies where she pleases, or she will not sing ;
Like that bright bird in miniature whose song
Lies in its wings, it briskly hums along,

Collecting sweets, it has no other aim,
 From flow'r to flow'r: my muse would do the
 same.

O Muse ! what art thou ? strange, mysterious
 sprite,

Who first invoked thee from the realms of light ?

What happy bard first waked the living lyre,

Did he create thee, or didst thou inspire ?

Wert thou the creature of his fancy, wrought

To fullness by the fiat of his thought ;

Or did'st thou come to make thy being known,

While intellectual glory round thee shone,

The lyre thy sceptre, and the mind thy throne.

Did'st thou illumine, in the olden time,

The mind of Homer with thy light sublime,

Who roll'd in majesty the tide of song,

Bright'ning in glory as it rolls along,

In heavenly harmony through distant years,

Bright and immortal as revolving spheres ?

How many names were saved by Homer's lyre,
 From blank oblivion ! his poetic fire
 Enshrin'd their mem'ries, and bequeath'd each
 name,

An everlasting legacy to fame.

Well I remember, 'twas in boyhood's hours,
 I read him first 'mid wild woods and wild flow'rs,
 Tending the oxen in the hours of noon,
 In brightest days of sunny May and June,
 When "Buck and Bright" were from the yoke
 releas'd

To rest, and on the woodland herbage feast.
 There were no pasture fields, then all was new,
 But flow'rs and herbs in wild profusion grew ;
 Since then laborious, persevering toil
 Has clear'd the woods, and ploughshares turn'd
 the soil.

Upon a bank, thick strewn with wither'd
 leaves,
 Where Nature's hand the mossy carpet weaves,
 I oft reclined, with Iliad in hand,
 By forests shaded, and "by soft winds fann'd;"
 The oxen browsing round, whose brazen bell,
 With noisy tongue, their whereabouts would tell.

But heedless oft, I let them wander far,
 While Grecian heroes leap'd the lofty car,
 To thunder on thro' Ilion's glorious war;
 Where hostile arm 'gainst hostile armour rings,
 Led on by Hector and the King of Kings.
 It seems but now, no power can Ilion save,
 Then back to Greece fierce rolls the struggling
 wave.

Thus in alternate vict'ry and defeat,
 The Trojans now, and now the Greeks retreat,
 Till God-like Hector, prop of Ilion's walls,
 Meets fierce Achilles, and great Hector falls.

Mellow'd by lapse of years, and song sublime,
 The mind forgets that carnage is a crime ;
 That never yet the car of vict'ry roll'd,
 But blood of heroes stain'd the verdant mould ;
 That never yet the blast of war was blown,
 That was not echo'd by the widow's moan ;
 E'er since the reign of violence began,
 " War seems an instinct natural to man ;"
 And not alone in war's embattled strife
 Has been the fearful waste of human life ;
 The dark assassin, and fierce private broils,
 Have glutted carnage with unnumber'd spoils,
 Ev'n *Honour*, with her sanguinary code,
 Besmear'd with blood, has o'er her victims strode,
 If this be Honour, fiend of bastard birth,
 We would that Honour banish'd were from
 earth.

Honour, forsooth ! because an idle thought,
 In anger utter'd, with no meaning fraught,
 To call perhaps a friend to deadly strife,
 To lose your own or take another's life.

Honour ! to cause a helpless orphan's cries,
 Rather than for that fault apologize.
 Strange *honour* this—to heal it's wounded pride
 By wilful murder—foulest homicide.
 O moon-struck madmen ! desperate and rash,
 To heal a pimple make a hatchet's gash ;
 To wipe a trifling stain from your attire,
 You cast it off, and tramp it in the mire.

Your pride is wounded, O that it were slain,
 And then Religion would not speak in vain ;
 “ Vengeance is mine,” says God, “ let man forgive,
 Who needs forgiveness ; let thy fellow live !
 Ten thousand talents long thou owest me,
 Then let the hundred-pence offender free.”
 But *Custom* contradicts the God of Heaven !
 “ Without his blood he must not be forgiven ;”
 And man obeys her, duellists will fight,
 ‘Till it is *fashionable to do right* ;

Then man may know (perhaps some ages hence)
 'Tis no disgrace to pardon an offence ;
 And that it is a greater crime to kill,
 Than to acknowledge he has acted ill :
 Better be *called a coward* than to be
 A murd'rer foul, dark-stained with infamy :
 'Till then he'll go to hell, an honour'd brave,
 Rather than meet the scoff of fool or knave ;
 He'll rather brave Jehovah's wrath and ban,
 Then bear the sneer and ridicule of man—
 And then, forsooth, these honorable fools
 Are quite exclusive in their tilting rules ;
 A *gentleman* must never kill, O no !
 In single fight aught but an equal foe ;
 The glorious style of chivalry must fall,
 Nobility, gentility and all,
 If to a *plebeian* any *noble* sot,
 Should give the privilege of being shot
 By his patrician bullet—how can scorn,
 Like this by poor plebeians e'er be borne !

The sunbeams throw upon the waters bright
 A horizontal line of golden light,
 Ontario stretches to the eastward far,
 A mighty mirror, where each brilliant star
 Beholds its image far beneath the wave,
 Set in the mimic sub-marine concave;
 But oft the mirror's face is wildly riv'n
 To shatter'd fragments by the winds of heav'n,
 When tempests leagued with thunder wildly
 roar,

Resolved the deep's foundations to explore :
 This rough companionship of wind and fire
 Rouses the waters in tumultuous ire,
 Which roll to mountains, as they fiercely rise
 In foaming vengeance, to invade the skies ;
 While uproar wild, the attribute of storms,
 All air, and earth, and sea, and sky deforms ;
 But like contending chiefs of equal might,
 Nor this will yield nor that can gain the fight ;
 Tired of such equal, fierce, laborious strife,
 Yet fearing loss of honor more than life,

They both agree to leave th' unconquer'd field,
 Both tacitly retreat though neither yield ;
 So do the jarring elements contend,
 Nor this can soar to heav'n, nor that descend
 Down to the deep ; but as the tempest first
 In booming fury on the billows burst,
 It first withdraws from off the angry waves,
 And soon the sea less furiously raves,
 And now, forgetful of its billowy throes,
 It sleeps in calm, magnificent repose.

Far in the boundless west and frozen north,
 The great St. Lawrence springs and rushes
 forth

From mighty Lake Superior, fitting source
 Of our great river, whose impetuous course
 Sweeps through our northern world, 'till all his
 vast

Amount of tribute's in the ocean cast ;
 But many a resting place and transient home,
 He finds, ere mingling with the ocean's foam ;

In Huron first, and Michigan he pours,
 And calmly rests, or boisterously roars,
 Along their vast uncultivated shores.

Not long he stays in beautiful St. Clair,
 But wanders through it, down to Erie, where
 He rests awhile, with added power to roll
 His billowy course, down to his billowy goal.
 But, hark ! what means his wild, tremendous
 roar,

Yon rocky battlements he tumbles o'er !
 His stream is broken, dislocated, smash'd,
 'Gainst rugged rocks to foaming fragments
 dash'd !

As o'er the wonder of our western world
 In wildest fury he's sublimely hurl'd ;
 Whose mighty, vast, interminable roar
 Ne'er ceased but when creation had no shore,
 When all the world was one unbounded wave,
 To all the world an overwhelming grave,

When nought above the universal sea
 Was seen but Noah's lone menagerie :
 Then ceased Niagara o'er the rocks to bound,
 And far beneath the waves his thunders all were
 drown'd.

But ere he ceased, he swell'd ten thousand fold,
 Louder ten thousand times his thunders roll'd,
 Before the waters on Niagara back'd
 The world was one wild roaring cataract,
 When ev'ry stripling streamlet claim'd a right
 To bellow with a giant torrent's might ;
 Each claim'd a town or city for its prey—
 Man and his works were wildly swept away.
 But hark ! amid its fierce conflicting roar,
 A still small voice—"It shall be so no more !"
 From yonder angel of the rainbow form,
 Who smiles above the cataractine storm.

A low'ring, soaring mount of foam is ever
 Seen rising o'er the dislocated river ;

Oh what a gorgeous place for Neptune's throne!
 Methinks, upon its undulating cone
 I see him now, where air and wave are blending,
 While Iris o'er his brow her diadem is bending!

The river rages, roars and rushes on ;
 Now see him bellowing down the whirlpool gone,
 But soon he rises, flows, and spreads upon
 Ontario's bosom, where in calm repose
 He seems to rest, but still he onward flows
 In prouder majesty and mightier force,
 Bathing a thousand islands in his course,
 'Till Anticosti's coast his current laves,
 And mightier ocean drinks his mighty waves.

All swallow'd by the rolling ocean brine,
 In depths where pearls in lonely glory shine,
 Where coral architects for ages past
 Have built their rocky mountains, huge and vast,
 With their own skeletons, in ocean's womb,
 Their birth-place, dwelling, monument and tomb,

For ever buried there he seems to lie—
 What pow'r can change our river's destiny ?
 Two thousand miles he roll'd his rapid wave,
 Was it to find an everlasting grave ?
 It is not so—his buried stream shall rise
 On resurrection pinions to the skies,
 On wings of light, invisible he'll soar
 Far, far beyond the angry ocean's roar ;
 His waters, changed to thin expanded steam,
 Now soar to heav'n upon the golden beam ;
 A bright infinity of thirsty rays
 Exhale the fluid in a misty haze,
 Which floats aloft at first a fleecy shroud,
 But soon increases to a denser cloud,
 'Till all the horizon is overcast,
 Except when broken by the fitful blast
 Which piles the clouds to vap'ry mountains vast,
 The river, changed to vapor, now is driven
 Along his airy aqueduct thro' heaven,
 Bearing the thunder in his cloudy breast,
 Like lions sleeping tranquilly at rest :

But if to touch him aught material dare,
 The startled monster flashes from his lair,
 And hurls destruction in one sudden flash
 On tree or steeple, or whate'er so rash
 As rouse his anger, while his startling flash
 Wakes all the slumb'ring thunderbolts that soar
 Among the clouds, which start with answ'ring
 roar,
 'Till all the vault of heav'n seems downward
 crashing,
 While o'er the ruins lightnings wild are flashing :
 From cloud to cloud the bellowing demons rage,
 'Gainst all but chaos war they seem to wage.
 See yonder oak, to shattered splinters riven—
 They leaped upon it from the vault of heaven ;
 'Gainst yonder dome with fearful force they
 bound—
 But see them flash all harmless to the ground,
 Saved by the pointed steel the massy tow'r
 Still frowns defiance on the lightning's pow'r.

Great Franklin's skill defies the flash and roar
 Of what was deem'd omnipotent before,
 And can command the tyrant from the sky,
 And make him in a prison calmly lie.

"Knowledge is pow'r," said England's mighty
 sage,

Knowledge is pow'r, repeats each passing age ;
 What science yet may gloriously achieve
 Is hard to know, and harder to believe ;
 If yet within her infancy of light,
 What will she be, when in meridian might
 She flashes o'er the realm of banish'd night.
 But now, exhausted, all the thunders rest,
 While glory beams upon each mountain crest
 That floats along majestically high,
 A vap'ry river flowing thro' the sky,
 All spreading o'er the wooded wide expanse,
 Where sparkling streams in tumbling frolic dance,
 O'er lofty mounts, and streams, and valleys wide,
 Who sent their streams to fill his downward tide.

But silent now is many a babbling brook,
 All shrunk expiring in their marshy nook,
 And many a torrent now has lost its force,
 Creeping along an almost silent course—
 But now the ocean river brings them aid,
 And all their gifts are bounteously repaid.
 Descending now in gently falling show'rs,
 To meet him joyful rise the herbs and flow'rs ;
 Now pours in floods from his dissolving cloud—
 Again the tumbling torrent roars aloud,
 Again the sparkling streamlet flows along,
 Babbling to flow'rs and birds its pebbly song :
 Thus, all his tributary streams supplied,
 He pours the rest in great Superior's tide,
 And having ceased his wanderings thro' heaven,
 His stream again is to the ocean given,
 While in this mighty interchanging round,
 What love, what pow'r, what providence pro-
 found
 Is here developed ; while thro' cloud and flood
 In Nature's works we see the hand of God.

H A M I L T O N ;

BOOK II.

A R G U M E N T.

THE DELUGE.

The warnings of the Patriarch—the scoffs of the profane—the building of the Ark—collecting food, clothing, &c. &c.—collecting the animals—the entrance of Noah and his family into the ark—carelessness of the human race—beginning of the Deluge; and their destruction—the safety of the fish, but their subsequent destruction, when they are left by the flood in vales and caverns—their petrification a proof of the Deluge—the employment of Noah and his family—a prayer and evening hymn—they desire to leave the Ark—it settles on the summit of Ararat.

The raven is sent—does not return—Noah sends the dove—she can find no resting place—in seven days he sends her again—she returns with the olive leaf—their joy on the occasion.

God opens the Ark—they bring out the animals—they build an altar and sacrifice—God promises to destroy the world no more, and creates the rainbow.

HAMILTON;

BOOK II.

We've traced the river's course through earth
and heav'n,
Rul'd by th'unerring laws that God has given,
Sweeping through Nature's broad and boundless
range,
For ever journeying on in *changeless change*,
And never halting in his course sublime
Since first Duration's womb gave birth to time,
Excepting once, when not a streamlet purl'd,
Or river roll'd, throughout old Noah's world,
For every stream was then in ocean drown'd,
And e'en Niagara's thunder gave no sound.
What mind can know, what tongue can fully
tell
How look'd the nations when their funeral knell

Was heard aloud, and God commanded all
The floods to come, and they obey'd the call ;
The Patriarch often warn'd them o'er and o'er,
And many a scoff the righteous prophet bore
From the fierce offspring of unholy Cain,
Who ridiculed, with blasphemy profane,
His exhortations and laborious toil,
His threaten'd deluge, and his sea-bound pile,
Which by Divine command he slowly rears,
Progressing onward through a hundred years ;
But all his kindred and his race are blind,
His family alone of all his kind
Believe the warning, and they bear a part
With willing-industry and skilful art,
To build the vessel, and with many a blow
They lay the tow'ring gopher forest low,
And hew and frame the massy beams, and join
Them well together, and with timber line,
Then over all on either finish'd side
They pour the black and boiling pitchy tide.

The fabric finish'd thus, from field and wood
 They gather all varieties of food ;
 Large stores of roots, and herbs, and hay and corn,
 By Noah and his family were borne
 Into the ark, and safely stored away
 In many a spacious granary and bay :
 They then took seed of ev'ry fruit and flow'r
 From field and garden, mountain, plain and bow'r ;
 Old Mrs. Noah, Mrs. Ham and Shem
 And Mrs. Japhet toiled in gathering them :
 And ev'ry nice variety of fruit
 That well did for a lengthened voyage suit—
 The rich pomegranate, apple, peach and pear,
 The cocoa-nut, and grapes both rich and rare,
 With all the best that nature could afford,
 Were in their own apartments safely stored.
 They took no stores of flesh ; it seems that men
 Were not as now, like beasts, carniv'rous then,
 For only fruits and herbs at first were given
 To man by his Proprietor in heaven ;

'Twas not till after the destroying flood
 God gave them flesh to eat, all but its blood,
 But cheese and butter made from goat and kine
 They took, and large supplies of gen'rous wine,
 With which they did their leathern bottles fill ;
 To grind their corn they took the useful mill
 The distaff, earthenware, and weaver's loom,
 Their vessels, clothing, ornaments and broom.
 Their husbands also, with prudential care,
 Secured the harrow, shovel and plough-share ;
 The scythe and sickle, mattock, axe and spade
 For future use were in the vessel laid.
 Thus all that skill or foresight could provide,
 Were by their hands industriously supplied.

When God informed them, " 'Ere a week be
 past,

The deluge shall upon the world be cast ;
 Quick, gather all the beasts and living things
 That on their bellies go, or feet, or wings :

Take two and two, of those that thou hast seen
 To be or reptile, rav'nous or unclean,
 But those for man's peculiar service given,
 Of beast and bird that's clean, take with thee
 seven."

Once all the birds and beasts to Adam came
 To do him homage and receive a name,
 And now once more the mountain, marsh and fen,
 The forest, eyrie, cavern, vale and den,
 The open field, and jungle drear and dark,
 Pour forth their inmates to the Patriarch.
 The lions, tigers, leopards, wolves and bears,
 Their fierceness muzzled, leave their dens in
 pairs ;
 The zebra and imperial giraffe,
 With others—but I need not mention half
 The desert beasts that came—indeed I could not
 And if I could, I'm sure of this—I would not.
 But now in pairs come on the monkey gang,
 The ape, baboon, and wild ouran outang ;

Next anacondas lead the serpent race,
 Which o'er the ground their slimy progress trace,
 —If Noah had been of St. Patrick's mind,
 He would have left such customers behind.

In due obedience to the will of heaven,
 They from their flocks and herds selected seven
 Of ev'ry race, which to the ark were given ;
 Next come the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 Of clean birds seven, of unclean each a pair;
 The eagle, vulture, cormorant and owl,
 And ev'ry other fierce carniv'rous fowl,
 Come two and two, from heaven tamely stooping,
 Submitting to their unaccustom'd cooping ;
 The peacock and the ostrich strut along,
 And all the various birds of plume and song,
 The linnet, blackbird, thrush and nightingale,
 And lark that does the early morning hail,
 Hie tow'rds the ark ; each wild and tim'rous
 thing
 Devoid of fear descends on willing wing,

While Noah and his sons arrange them all,
 Both bird and beast, in aviary and stall ;
 When all the animals were in whose lives
 Were to be spared, four husbands with their
 wives

Next entered in the ark—God closed the door,
 And Noah's hundred years of toil were o'er.
 The human world, unconscious of their doom,
 Are careless as the flow'rs that round them bloom,
 Thro' future centuries they think of living,
 Some marrying, and some in marriage giving,
 Eating and drinking, building, planting, sowing,
 Nor on the deluge once a thought bestowing ;
 While mighty hosts, led by contending kings,
 Tow'ring aloft on "conquest's crimson wings,"
 Lead on their legions proudly to contend
 For universal empire, and to bend
 The world beneath their bold ambitious reign,
 And then to rear their thrones on mountains of
 the slain

Their legions meet, by madd'ning fury driven,
 While blazing helms by flashing swords are riven,
 Led on by giant chieftains tow'ring high,
 Encased in well-proved polish'd panoply,
 While carnage strews the ground with dead and
 dying,

And broken armour on dissever'd limbs is lying
 —But see, that flash! creation seems on fire,
 Transfix'd they stand, struck with the omen dire,
 While all the congregated bolts of heaven
 At one dread peal are thro' creation driven—
 Compared with that terrific scathing light,
 The day is darkness and the noon is night—
 All thought is lost of victory or flight,
 All noise is silence to that crashing sound,
 God's voice in thunder "*Let the world be
 drown'd!*"

Down pours the flood, while earth's wide
 opening womb
 Pours forth a foaming deluge to entomb

Herself and offspring. See yon chieftain's brow,
 How pale and wan ! where is his courage now ?
 His voice of vict'ry and his eye of fire ?

Gone, with his army's fierce contending ire.

His foaming charger wildly tries to brave
 The roaring flood, then sinks beneath the wave,
 While dead and dying, mingling friends and foes,
 Are swept away, as down the deluge flows.

Hundreds of brides that day had deck'd their
 charms,

To grace their proud, exulting bridegroom's
 arms ;

All stricken now with with wild terrific wonder,
 At that fierce flash and dooming earthquake thun-
 der ;

They sink aghast, all terror-blighted, wan,
 Into the arms of nerveless, powerless man :—

All struggling now they sink beneath the wave,
 In lock'd embrace, their bridal bed and grave ;
 While human agony in wildest power

Is heard where hills and forests vainly tow'r :

No lofty hill, or tree, or tower, can save,
 Above them sweeps the overwhelming wave,
 Which drowns their cry, and drowns the bellow-
 ing roar

Of flocks and herds, whose feet can find no shore.
 The eagle, tow'ring late on boldest wing,
 Is screaming now, a drowning helpless thing,
 The mighty lion, monarch of the wood,
 His empire lost, is flound'ring in the flood,
 As helpless now, and feeble in his pow'r,
 As e'er was lambkin frighten'd by his roar.

True to his nature, see yon tiger grasp
 A struggling infant with his latest gasp,
 Swept with its mother on the raging flood,
 His last fierce act to steep his jaws in blood.

'Gainst all the doom'd inhabitants of earth,
 Of human, quadruped, or reptile birth,
 And all the wing'd explorers of the sky,
 God's fiat has gone forth, *That all must die,*

Except the inmates of yon gopher pile,
 In all the ocean world the only isle—
 A lonely ship without a sail unfurl'd
 A monument above a buried world ;
 The only ship without helm, sail or oar,
 That e'er was built or since it or before ;
 The only ship that e'er was built inland,
 A thousand miles or more from ocean's strand
 —That ocean wave the vessel never sought,
 But to its keel the ocean-wave was brought,
 Met by the deluge from the mountains flowing,
 The works of man and nature overthrowing,
 While not an avalanche remains unhurl'd
 Throughout the water-doom'd deluvian world,
 And not a mountain crest of gleaming snow
 But melts and joins the tumbling torrents' flow,
 And all the icy mounts that guard the pole
 Broken, upon th' invading billows roll,
 From off their deep and dark foundations torn,
 And on the sweeping waves triumphant borne,

While all the deep abyss tow'rds heaven is
 gushing,
 Met by the deluge down from heaven rushing.

A crowd of giants gain'd with efforts vast
 Yon mountain's summit ; 'twas their only, last
 Wild hope of succour from the with'ring blast
 Of God's tremendous anger, and while there
 A troop of lions struggling from their lair,
 Tigers and elephants, by instinct urged
 To reach the ground that last would be sub-
 merged,
 In wildest panic dash among the crowd
 Of congregated giants, while aloud
 Above the storm was heard the shriek and roar
 Of trampled agony, while floods of gore
 From man and monster pour'd upon the ground,
 Whilst terror, slaughter, madness, raged around,
 And as they fought, the angry sky was riven,
 And in full volume from the vault of heaven

A cat'ract rushes with o'erwhelming wave,
 And man and beast are swept in one promiscuous grave.

Thus perish'd all the tribes of earth and air,
 All ended now their struggling and despair.

The natives of the flood, the whale and shark,
 With all that skim the wave, or lie in caverns dark,

Are safe from harm—the waves engulph the earth,

And drown the creatures it had given birth,

But all the finny tenants of the wave

Swim safely o'er th' interminable grave,

And as they swim luxuriantly feast

Upon the carcasses of man and beast,

And joyful see the ocean's widening reign

The lofty summits of the mountains gain,

And as they range their buried summits o'er,

They revel in a sea without a shore,

But when the flood had done its errand dire,
 Then God commanded "Let the floods retire."
 The floods obey, dry land appears again,
 The mountain tops as new-form'd isles, and then
 His vessel, who the second world begat,
 Fast grounded on the shoals of Ararat,
 'Twas then the countless tribes of ocean birth
 In caves and valleys of the rising earth
 Were left behind it by the truant sea
 In struggling, gasping, scorch'd captivity.
 'Twas by the rising of the rolling main
 The countless multitudes of earth were slain,
 Then triumphed all the natives of the surge
 When their thick atmosphere did earth submerge.
 —But now they suffer—in his fatal fangs
 Destruction seizes them, with horrid pangs,
 While whale on whale, late monarchs of the sea,
 Loud lash their flukes in giant agony,
 Beating to death at each tremendous blow
 The scaly, splashing myriads below,

While thousands spout aloft the foaming flood,
 Commingled streams of water, slime and blood.
 The full-gorged sharks, dread tigers of the main,
 Beat the red waves in fierce and furious pain,
 While round them float the myriads of the slain.

The uproar ceases—struggling, gasping, dying,
 Upon their backs the countless shoals are lying,
 And now, as future monuments, to tell
 That earth was buried in the ocean's swell,
 Some pow'r has seiz'd them—body, scale and
 bone,
 And chain'd them fast in everlasting stone,
 In one hard mass of adamant conjoin'd,
 Yet leaving all their native forms defined.

Come here thou infidel, and gaze, and then
 Dispute the world was buried, if you can,
 'Twas said, of yore, if man would cease to speak,
 The stones themselves would sudden silence
 break,

And here the rocks to infidels proclaim
 "Above the hills the roaring deluge came :"
 Tho' forty centuries since then have passed,
 They still proclaim it, and while heav'n shall last
 They will proclaim it—tho' the Christian never
 Requires such proof—to them, God's Word for
 ever

Is ever proof enough for them to know
 That Noah's dove went winging to and fro,
 And found no spot above the billow's crest,
 Except the ark, whereon her foot might rest,
 But soon Jehovah sent the earth relief,
 And then she found the verdant olive-leaf;
 This peaceful sign proclaimed the deluge o'er,
 And seas descending to their ancient shore,
 And there enchain'd by God's eternal fiat,
 Above a buried world no more to riot.
 The rivers wander to their ancient bounds,
 Again the roaring cataract resounds—
 How fearful and how wondrous are the ways
 Of Him who all eternity surveys,

Who sends alike the storm and peaceful calm,
And holds the boundless ocean in his palm,
And when his wrath was fearfully unfurl'd,
He overwhelm'd his own created world,
That scorn'd his mercy and his wrath defied—
Oh that the flood that world had purified !
Man's thoughts are "all but only evil" still,
And deeds of wickedness those thoughts fulfil.

All closely seal'd within their sacred bark,
The family of the pious patriarch
Were not allow'd to see the deluge fall,
When all the world without a funeral
Was buried in one mighty turfless grave,
Their churchyard was the all-devouring wave ;
They in the ark could hear the madd'ning roar
Of jarring elements, but nothing more ;
What were their feelings, then, and who can tell
What grief, what joy did in their bosoms swell,
When all the world was drown'd, and they alone
Were spared, and o'er the waves in safety borne.

Their own deliv'rance bade them all rejoice,
 But for the world they could lift up their voice,
 And weep aloud, tho' both at eve and morn,
 They oft had laugh'd the prophet's words to
 scorn ;

Yet for their doom the tears of sorrow stole,
 Tho' oft their sins had "vex'd his righteous soul."
 But little time was left in grief to spend,
 They had their wild menagerie to tend,
 The coop, the fold, the aviary and stall
 Began aloud and clamorous to call
 For food and water—these must be supplied
 At morn and evening, and they did divide
 To each its portion—herbage, grain and grass—
 To ev'ry one, just as it's nature was ;
 Not one was idle ; Mrs. Noah, and
 Her daughters aided, each with willing hand.

To feed their beasts, and keep their dwelling
 clean,
 They were employ'd from morning tide till e'en,

And when at night their careful labor done,
 Tho' changing seasons they of course had none,
 No land or country, nation, coast or clime,
 No fruit or flow'rs to tend the march of time,
 Yet they had day and night—the constant sun
 His usual course did thro' the heavens run,
 As true as when his race was first begun.
 Within their own apartments they would meet,
 And round the table take their usual seat,
 When having risen from their evening meal,
 In pious gratitude they all would kneel,
 Their father, then, of venerable form,
 Would raise his voice to Him who rules the storm
 With tone of pathos, simple and sublime,
 He spoke to him who rules eternity and time.
 "O thou, who fill'st immensity of space,
 Before whose presence angels veil their face,
 The seraphim and cherubim, and all
 The high and bright intelligences fall,
 And worship thee, who art Lord God of all ;

We, the lone remnants of old Adam's race,
 In humble reverence would seek thy face.
 Lord God Jehovah, who hast now destroy'd
 Thy creature, man, and left the earth a void,
 O grant us, when the earth again is brought
 From out the ocean, that the fearful thought
 Of their destruction, and thy saving love
 In saving us, our hearts and souls may move
 To cleave to thee with purpose firm indeed,
 Ourselves, our children, and our children's seed."

So spake our sire, and now to heav'n they raise
 Their voices in a grateful song of praise,
 And while their voices thro' the chambers rang,
 Methinks it was like this, the song they sang :

Great is our Lord God Jehovah,
 Strong to punish and to save,
 He calls the floods—the floods come over—
 All the world is one wide wave.

Lord, the deadly deluge rages,
Floods from heaven's windows fall,
But we will trust the Rock of Ages,
For He is the Lord of all.

Now He's in the whirlwind riding
With His tempests all unfurl'd,
In anger all his mercy hiding
From a doom'd and buried world.

But we are safe ; on bounding billows
Flies our heav'n-directed bark,
While the ocean safely pillows
In its foam the favor'd ark.

Glory to the God of Heaven,
And the God of sea and earth,
Who hath us a refuge given,
To be creation's second birth.

Thus as they sail'd, without a sail unfurl'd,
 From Ante to the Post-Deluvian world,
 They pass'd their time between their daily care
 And morn and evening worship, praise and pray'r.
 And oft they spoke of former times, and when
 The human race would be supplied again ;
 But of the voyage they began to tire,
 And often ask'd their venerable sire
 How long 'twould be before the ocean swell
 Would be abated, but he could not tell.

How much they wished to see the world once
 more,
 And leave their vessel for some friendly shore,
 Once more to see the fields in smiling green,
 In spring-tide beauty, or in summer's sheen,
 And oft their tears would naturally flow
 For those who wander'd with them long ago,
 Their comrades in their joyous early years,
 Who shared their joys, their sorrows and their
 tears.

But time will drain the greatest sorrows dry,
 Unless new griefs create a new supply ;
 Soon for themselves more frequently they
 thought,
 And in the future they the past forgot.

All had been calm and still for many days,
 Nor wind nor rain, nor fitful lightning's blaze
 Was lately heard or seen—but listen—hark !
 The wind has waked, and whistles round the ark,
 It soon increases to a tempest strong,
 And they on bounding billows sweep along,
 But while the wind above the waves was flying,
 From off the earth the waters fast were drying,
 At last they felt a sudden shock, and then
 The ark stood fast, and did not move again.

Until the world was dry, it firmly sat
 Upon the summit of Mount Ararat ;
 I' the seventh month the mountain tops were seen
 By God and angels, but not yet by men,

For they were close confined within the ark,
And all to them as yet was drear and dark.
Now Noah sends a raven to behold
If earth was dry—the raven never told,
But to and fro she flew 'tween earth and heaven,
And ne'er again return'd the truant raven,
Preferring much to see the long-lost sun,
And feast upon the floating carrion.
And next he sends away the meek-eyed dove,
But it can find no mountain-top above
The sea-green wave, and tired she soon returns;
He takes her in, and most assuredly learns,
From moisten'd plume, and soil'd and drooping
 pinion,
That o'er the earth the sea still holds dominion.

In seven days, again he bids her fly,
Away she sweeps again thro' air and sky,
At eve returns—"Thank heav'n, here comes
 relief,
A glorious prize—a verdant olive leaf;

O wife, come here ! the world again is drying,
 With this green leaf the joyful dove came flying.
 How fresh it looks ! where's Japhet, Ham and
 Shem ?

Away, away ! go call the rest of them !”
 She hastes away—with joyful voice and eyes,
 She tells them of the verdant olive prize,
 They quickly come, assemble round the spray,
 And with thanksgivings close the joyful day.
 Again seven days, and Noah bids her fly,
 She ne'er again return'd—the world was dry.
 Next morn he took the covering away,
 And all the world in vernal glory lay ;
 The grass was green, the wild flow'rs grew
 around,
 But with no woods the mountain tops were
 crown'd,

Beneath the storm and deluge roaring loud
 The lofty forests of the mountains bow'd,
 Rent and uprooted by the flood and blast,
 And on the wild tumultuous billows cast,

Now left in drifted heaps on vale and plain,
Or scatter'd on the wide and boundless main.

They long to tread the new-discovered land,
But humbly wait for God's directing hand.

He bids them go—unseals the long-closed door
And all their drear imprisonment was o'er.
Since they had seen the world before, the sun
Had thro' the zodiac constellations run ;
They now unbar each kennel, cage and room,
And forth in pairs the willing pris'ners come,
First, all the reptile and carniv'rous brood,
Who flee in pairs to some lone solitude,
Creeping and bounding down the mountain's side
Far o'er the plain they soon are scatter'd wide.
Beasts graminiv'rous next, clean and unclean,
Forsake the ark and gambol o'er the green,
Joyful they frolic, free and unconfined,
They bound, and run, and snort, and snuff the
wind,

They wanton wild—'tis nature's jubilee,
 And skip, t' assure themselves that they are free,
 Anon they rest their new-awaken'd pow'rs,
 And, hungry, crop the herbage, grass and flow'rs.
 And now the aviary to heav'n springs,
 Exulting as in new created wings,
 They dart, and turn, and upward, downward, fly,
 And wheel in circles thro' the peopled sky :
 The eagle soars to nearer gaze upon
 The bright effulgence of the new-found sun,
 And if their eyes a moment's gaze would risk,
 He seem'd a spot upon his golden disk.

But all were not allow'd to wander free,
 From out the stall, the fold and aviary,
 Freedom to six of all the clean was given,
 The seventh remain'd a sacrifice to heaven,
 An altar rose by Noah's grateful hand,
 And then his children, by their sire's command,
 Collected wood upon the altar high,
 And brought the doom'd unconscious victims
 nigh,

Upon the ground they pour'd the reeking blood,
 Then piled the carcasses upon the wood :
 And now the prophet, patriarch and priest
 Kindles the pile, consuming bird and beast,
 The grateful incense floats aloft to heaven,
 And God replies to them by whom 'twas given.

“ I, even I, who brought the deluge o'er
 The sin-stain'd earth, and drown'd it, will no
 more

Destroy the world by flood. That ye may know
 This is my cov'nant, I will place my bow
 Within the cloud, to be a sign for ever
 To future ages, that the Lord will never
 Destroy the world again, and this is given
 An everlasting sign to man from heaven.”

So spake the Lord—a sun-shine show'r descen-
 ding,

Display'd the bow to earth from heav'n bending,
 'Twas hail'd with rapture by the embryo nation,
 God's brightest, loveliest, and last creation !

HAMILTON;

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The steamboat as seen from the top of the mountain—the first invention of the steamboat by Fulton—his difficulties—his eventual triumph—the steam ships—returns again to the first boat—she enters the bay—the reasons why nature formed the bays, illustrated by an Indian revel—the boat reaches the wharf—effects of dress what is a gentleman—dandies made by tailors—love of dress an instinct natural to man, savage as well as civilized—angels' dress—Tom Intellect—his character, his difficulties, and eventual success—self educated genius often despised by lettered pedantry, illustrated by the turkey cock and eagle.

The author interrupted in his cogitations upon the mountain—appearance of the town as seen from its summit—fleetness of the mind or eye contrasted with animals—the steam car—Pegasus and Parnassus—why have we no poetical mountain in America—descended half way down the mountain of Hamilton, and saw the town to more advantage.

H A M I L T O N;

B O O K I I I.

See yonder vessel in the distance ride,
Near where the heav'ns dip into the tide,
She, independent of the inconstant gale,
Ne'er woos the winds to fill her flapping sail,
Proudly aloft she bears her floating form,
And sweeps triumphant on through calm and
storm,

She drinks a portion from the rolling wave,
Which, changed to vapour, gives her pow'r to
brave

Or lake or ocean, in its calm or ire,
With fiercely boiling breath and lungs of fire,
She smokes along, a gift to every land
From science, sent by Fulton's honour'd hand

Some thirty years have pass'd since first he gave
 The sail-less ship to press the yielding wave.
 With deep intensity *of hopes and fears*,
 He heard the sceptic scoff, the taunts and jeers
 That clog the efforts of the master mind
 Who dares to *dive or soar* beyond his kind.

But now *he triumphs*—see his vessel driven
 By its own pow'r without the winds of heaven,
 While congregated thousands wond'ring throng
 To see the *foaming monster* dash along,
 And as the multitude in wonder gaze,
 Confess that round him all the brightest rays
 Of glory meet in one unclouded blaze ;
 Not less triumphant then did Fulton feel,
 Than when Columbus from his vent'rous keel
 Sprang on the shore, and saw his flag unfurl'd
 In waving glory on the new found world.
 Years pass away, and on that very shore
 Where congregated crowds long years before

Had seen the "car of Neptune" lash to foam
 The sparking waters of her billowy home ;
 Far greater multitudes admiring throng
 To see yon stately vessel sweep along,
 Come o'er the ocean from the *father-land*,
 Approaching now the *steamer's native strand*.
 Last triumph this of Fulton's mighty art,
 To link two worlds, that rolling oceans part,
 The Sirius and Great Western first are seen,
 Next Liverpool, and last the gorgeous British
 Queen,
 Her wheels in motion and her flags unfurl'd,
 A floating palace from the olden world ;
 She enters now, with rich unbounded freight,
 The *forest* harbour of the empire state.
 Long may she safely and triumphant ride,
 The ocean's glory and her country's pride,
 The worthy namesake of our ocean Queen
 Who sways Britannia's realms—may glory's
 sheen

Forever circle round thy royal crest,
 To bless thy people ! on thy royal breast
 We would that Britain might behold an heir,
 Worthy his mother, sent to Britain's pray'r
 To be the empire's hope in future years,
 When thou art taken midst *a nation's tears*,
To gain a brighter crown beyond the spheres !

But to return, and leave the ocean's surge,
 Yon vessel, lately seen upon the verge
 Of distant vision, sweeps along the lake,
 And now comes nearer, leaving in her wake
 A track of waves upon the trackless deep,
 While all around the tumbling billows sleep ;
 She nears yon sandy rampart, which divides
 The lake and bay, two near approaching tides,
 Thro' which a steam-boat channel has been made,
 O'er which a navigation-bridge is laid,
 With sudden jerk the boat-bell loudly rings,
 And round the bridge upon its pivot swings.

She enters now the bay, where in their pride
 The floating navies of the world might ride,
 And there defy the fiercest winds of heaven
 That e'er to rags have flapping canvas riven,
 Or on the rocks the shatter'd bark have driven.
 A shelt'ring port which Nature kindly gave
 From her own wrath the trembling bark to save,
 When wildly mounted on the raging blast,
 She rolls the billows into mountains vast,
 While death and desolation round are cast.

As savage tribes beneath the wigwam cone,
 Lounge round the fire with loosely-slacken'd
 zone,

Resolving on a wild uproarious revel,
 Send round from lip to lip the whiskey devil ;
 But ere they cast their senses to the wind,
 And coolly rush to madness fierce and blind,
 All justly fearing that the demon strife
 Might seize the rifle, tomahawk or knife,

“With method in their madness,” fix on one
 To take the weapons far away, which done,
 The whiskey then goes round with savage glee,
 Till all is one *wild roaring revelry*.

So Nature, fearing that no ship might ride,
 While storms were booming on the mount’nous
 tide,

She made them harbours far within the shore,
 Begirt with mountains, that their fiercest roar
 Might pass unheeded, shelter’d from the blast,
 When in a freak her wits away were cast,
 Possess’d by madd’ning demons of the storm,
 Who all her features furiously deform.

The boat comes on, and as it nears the goal,
 Away the carriages and waggons roll
 To meet the passengers a mile or more
 From King Street to the intercepting shore.

Upon the wharf obsequious waiters stand
 To take your trav’ling bag, and bowing bland

To all they see of *fashionable grade*,
 "You go, sir, do you, to the Promenade,"
 And others, while their ready coaches range,
 "You go, sir, to the Hamilton Exchange,"
 While all the homespun peasant lab'ring band
 Are left unnoticed on the thronging strand,
 Except by waggon-teamsters, who come down
 To get a load of luggege for the town.
 The cabin-gentry mount the varnish'd carriage,
 On foot and waggon come the deck and steerage.
 One carriage stops at Promenade Hotel,
 Where viands wait your appetite to quell,
 While semi-Africans with craniums curly
 Obsequious wait on all the guests of Burley.

Upon appearances how much depends,
 Not only among strangers but 'mong friends,
 You'll smiling meet a gentlemanly knave,
 While homely excellence your sneers must brave.

What is a gentleman? From crown to heel
 A gentleman must be—be what?—genteel!
 The title, gentleman, in every mind
 In well-made clothes is usually defined,
 But then before the title we can spare them,
 The owner must be also—used to wear them,
 For those who disregard this needful law
 Make people think of “Peacock and Jackdaw.”

But if his clothes get shabby, old and tore,
 Your gentleman’s a gentleman no more.

You can’t conceive a *gentleman in rags*,
 Tho’ Pride for Poverty the title begs,
 Nor those for gentlemen will Fashion own
 Whose dress is from the wardrobe of a clown,
 No more than those for polish’d wits who stammer
 Thro’ vulgarisms, blunders and bad grammar.
 —Excepting in a jury-box, and then
 The coarsest-clad are always *gentlemen*,

For lawyers, sheriffs, judges, I assure ye,
 Address them always “ *Gemmen of the Jury*,”
 Tho’ when they’re out of it, perhaps they’d never
 Receive the title if they’d live for ever.

If this be true, it surely follows, then,
 That ’tis the clothes that make the gentlemen,
 And so it is, tho’ when in moral mood,
 You think they should be hon’rable and good,
 And often are, you not unfrequent find
High moral worth with elegance combined.
 But Fashion’s fiat is—*If well attired*,
 There is no gold of character required.

See yonder dandy, exquisite and thin—
 A handsome casket, but there’s nothing in,
 ’Tis God and nature makes the honest man ;
 To make a dandy none but tailors can,
 And yet the Fashionable often sneers
 At him who shapes his figure with his shears,

And scoffs, and spurns, and curses him who
made him,
 Tho' for his work perhaps he never *paid him.*
 All wish to be respected and admired,
 'Tis often gain'd by being well attired;
 Of course the opposite must be confess'd,
 You're treated shabbily when shabby-dress'd.

An instinct natural to the human race
 Is love of dress in ev'ry time and place,
 E'er since the simple gardener and his wife
 Gave up their title to the Tree of Life,
 By eating of the tree of *evil* knowledge,
 And clothed their naked forms in fig-tree foliage,
 These simple garments they instinctive made,
 And sought to hide them far in Eden's shade.

The savage dandy and barbarian belle
 Are fond of dress and ornament as well
 As they who glitter at a birth-day ball,
 The Louvre, theatre or festival;

The first are pleas'd, in water-mirror viewing
 Their nose-rings, blankets, brooches, and tattoo-
 ing,

Their bead-work'd moccasins and scarlet zone,
 On which is hung a crooked powder cone.

His knife, his tomahawk, and leaden hail,

Kept in his pouch of squirrel-skin and tail ;

His cheeks and forehead painted, and his hair

All black, besmear'd with tainted grease of bear ;

Accoutred thus, they feel as proud and fine

As dandies exquisite or belles divine,

Who skip in broadcloth or in satins shine,

Array'd in all that splendor may command,

Arranged by Fashion's fluctuating hand.

An oracle of song the world has told

That ornament is dross on Beauty's gold,

But Beauty thinks she has a right to judge,

And to the oracle she answers "fudge!"

Not only earthly beauties—angels too

Have wardrobes fine—at least we know they do

Dress most sublimely ever since the fall,
 Before, perhaps, they did not dress at all—
 At least we are not told but 'tis quite right
 That they should come arrayed in garments
 bright,

For even angels, if they came without
 A splendid dress, would not be cared about :
 So much do our inhabitants of earth
 Prefer appearances to real worth.

Tom Intellect, for instance, who could soar
 On wings of mind magnificently o'er
 Yon glitt'ring mindless fashionable train,
 Who dare to treat his presence with disdain,
 Tho' learning, virtue, excellence and worth
 Meet in his mind, he is of *humble birth* ;
 He cannot gild the casket, and to them
 All worthless is the peerless, priceless gem.

They cannot think, whene'er they look upon
 His homely dress, that o'er his mind has shone

The star of genius with the brilliant rays
 Of science in a philosophic blaze.
 Tho' not obtrusive, yet he feels their scorn,
 And feels that he is fitted to adorn
 A higher sphere, tho' scorn he must endure,
 While guilty of *the crime of being poor*.
 In ev'ry age—the truth must be confess'd—
 “*Slow rises worth, by poverty oppress'd ;*”
 So sang the bard—I don't remember whom—
 And then he wove no web on Fiction's loom.

But if obscurity should pass away,
 And shew his genius to the blaze of day,
 His wealth increases, and his *new-found* name
 Is heard aloud and pointed out by Fame ;
 With all his mighty faculties unfurl'd,
 He then commands the homage of the world.
 Tho' letter'd pedantry will oft despise
 Self-educated genius when she tries
 To gain distinction ; spurning at his name
 Who dares approach the pyramid of fame

Without a college scaffolding—as wise
 As tow’ring *turkey-cock*, who boldly flies
 From dunghill to a barn-roof’s lowest edge,
 And walks in triumph to its topmost ledge,
 Where swelling out, with bloated plumes and
 pinions,

He struts along the weathercock’s dominions
 (A gallant fellow, who thro’ cold or warm
 Has never turn’d his tail upon the storm)
 And now his turkeyship would fain despise
 The unfledged eaglet struggling to rise,
 Tho’ in a few short months with ease he’ll soar
 The loftiest mountain-tops sublimely o’er
 At one bold flight, when in his feathery robe,
 Ascend the sky, and compass half the globe.

Those people now appear to think it strange
 That I so long should let my vision range
 Around their landscape—chain’d in thought pro
 found,

With one knee rested on the dewy ground,

The other raised, on which my paper's spread,
 In hand a pencil charged with useful lead,
 With which to note the images that rise
 Before they fade away from mem'ry's eyes.

I must retire—inquisitive they seem
 To break upon a poet's harmless dream :
 They now advance and call—I must away
 Where screen'd 'mong woods, I can pursue my
 lay.

Between the mountain's base and distant strand
 Upon a sweeping range of table land,
 The town of Hamilton in beauty lies,
 Beneath the glory of the morning skies,
 A picture drawn by man's industrious pow'rs,
 Within a "mountain frame" that round it tow'rs
 But by its mountain frame sublime and vast
 The town 's to insignificancy cast ;
 So far God's works transcend the works of man,
 Far as the breezes from a lady's fan

Transcended are in majesty and pow'r
 By mightiest hurricanes that ever tore
 The rooted monarchs from the mountain's brow,
 While all around the leafy legions bow.

When from the summit of the mountain's height
 Upon the valley vision bends her flight,
 The town seems smaller than it would appear
 If you beheld it from a point more near ;
 If to advantage, then, you'd see the town,
 Come half-way up, or else go half-way down.

The mind or eye thro' heav'n or earth can soar,
 In one fleet instant leap the landscape o'er,
 But bodies must be satisfied to go,
 Ev'n those with wings, comparatively slow,
 Much more than man, who goes upon his feet,
 (And even then than other kinds less fleet)
 Must travel slow unless he goes by steam—
 A wonder ! for it seems but yet a dream ;

Who would have thought it was *prophetic truth*,
 That while our century was in its youth,
 Commingled fire and flood would fast propel
 A train of massy cars, and do it well—
 Yes, far transcend the elephant in might,
 And almost pass the eagle in his flight,
 Yet such is now, and greater things may be,
 Which you and I shall never live to see.

When other creatures run, they take to *heels*;
 The engine-monster always takes to *wheels*,
 Unless you give him leave himself to ride
 He will not move along one single stride,
 And when he rests no provender he needs,
 'Tis only when he travels that he *feeds*,
 Then give him drink and fill his mouth with wood,
 And while he rests he will not ask for food;
 In one half-hour, so rapid is his mode,
 He can digest a common carter's load,
 And then so wild and fierce his lungs will play,
 He blows and fumes his forage all away.

He may be yet employ'd in war campaigning,
 As hostile nations so delight in draining
 Each other of their lavish'd blood and treasure.
 Spirit of Cæsar! what heroic pleasure
 'Twould give to those, whose element is war,
 To mount upon a fiercely-rolling car,
 While from it Perkins' bullet-burlers cast
 Their show'rs of death sent by the boiling blast,
 That from the muzzle of the steam-gun dashing,
 Propels the balls without the powder's flashing,
 While the huge car on wheels of blood is flying
 O'er lacerated legions dead and dying.

But as I've neither steam nor buoyant wings,
 I must be satisfied with slower things.—
 As to advantage I would see the town,
 I must essay to clamber half-way down.
 I wish I had the winged horse Pegasus,
 Which ev'ry other bird and beast surpasses,
 But then—he only travels round Parnassus,

'Tis only there that bards may boldly stride him
 And o'er the mount majestically ride him !
 And why have *we* no bright poetic mountain
 From which distils a sweet inspiring fountain,
 Round which might grow the laurel and the bays
 Entwined with flow'rs of song and gems of
 brightest rays,
 While harp and lyre sent forth immortal song,
 Swept by the muses as they pass'd along,
 Yes, *native* muses, while around them throng
 Bold *native* bards, who catch the heav'nly sound,
 And pluck the bays that brightly bloom around ?
 —Perhaps some daring bard of *master mind*
 Such glorious mount may gloriously find,
 And open to Columbia's wond'ring eyes
 Her bright Parnassus as the brilliant prize
 Of his exertion, while the hand of Fame
 Writes on the mountain's brow his laurel'd name !

But as I've neither wings, nor steam, nor horse,
 Upon my feet I must pursue my course

From rock to root—from root to rock descend,
Now rapid bound, then cautiously we wend ;
Now seize this twig, then leap upon yon ledge,
Now cautious slip from off its rugged edge,
Our slow and rapid, quick and cautious pace
Soon brings us midway to the mountain's base,
Where seated on a rock, around we glance
Upon a narrower, but *still wide* expanse.

HAMILTON;

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT

The Jail—Court-house above it—difficulty of deciding cases—not right that juries should be forced to be *unanimous*, illustrated by a case in point, where an innocent man is condemned and executed—the murderer discovered in the person of a dying madman.

Proposes an alteration in the existing law—an occurrence in Polish history, an illustration—juries should be paid by the country—strictures on the lawyers—an epitaph and an anecdote—a law should be passed to limit legal expenses—but the best remedy is, *to keep out of debt*—the Market-house—the Church—three other churches—Dundurn Castle—and by whom erected—different opinions entertained of his character—another building—the owner—president of the bank—effects of banking—other buildings too numerous to mention—his seat after whom “Hamilton” is named—contrast between Hamilton twelve years ago and now—anticipation looks for still greater—is marriage decided by choice, chance, or destiny—decided in favor of the last—advice to some of the gentle sex, who are not always *gentle*, illustrated by a story.

Returns again to the scenery—Wellington-square—Port Nelson—Bronte—Samson and Nelson, both die at the moment of victory—two townships—conclusion.

H A M I L T O N;

BOOK IV.

See yonder edifice of square-hewn stone,
—It is not *lonely*, tho' it stands alone,—
Surmounted by a tow'r and tin-capp'd dome;
It is to many an unwilling home.
The felon there awaiting judgment lies,
While o'er his head the dreaded court that tries
Now sits in judgment, justly to decide
Of innocent or guilty—Oh how wide
Apart are these extremes, and yet how near
They sometimes meet—when all the case you
 hear,
It seems no human mind can safe decree
What a just verdict in the case would be;
If ruled by men of diff'ring mental sight,
Both *guilty* and *not guilty* would be right.

With ev'ry def'rence to his royal mind,
 Who gave the legal blessing to mankind,
 And ev'ry def'rence to each legal sage
 Whose thoughts are graven on the Jurist's page,
 Methinks it wrong that juries should alone
 On pain of legal penalties be sworn
 To be *unanimous*, and give decision
 For or against, or else remain in prison.

A shade of perjury must sometimes fall
 Upon the hearts of some of them, when all
 Profess that in the verdict they unite,
 Tho' *all* do not believe the verdict right.

Perchance some hours of noisy argument,
 With all their stores of reasoning, were spent,
 When for the verdict "guilty" nine agree
 There still remain, who differ from them, three.
 Again they canvas o'er the evidence
 Both for the accusation and defence,

All *circumstantial*—none beheld the deed,
 None but the murd'rer saw his victim bleed,
 Murder'd and robb'd he was, and that alone
 Is all that can be positively known,
 And yet against him circumstances meet—
 A track was seen resembling *pris'ner's* feet,
 And on the trampled blood-polluted ground,
 A double-bladed pocket knife was found
 With both the carved initials of his name
 —To prove the fact, another witness came,
 That twenty sovereigns were lately found
 Near *pris'ner's* house, secreted in the ground ;
 'Twas also proved the murder'd had in store
 In specie full five hundred pounds or more,
 All which was gone—the sov'reigns alone
 Were all that to the anxious court were shown ;
 'Twas also said, the prisoner was poor,
 Tho' no reproach had e'er been cast before
 Upon his name, but now he stands arraign'd,
 Accused before the world of being stain'd

With murder foul, of ev'ry crime the worst,
The second crime for which mankind was curst.

In calm tho' deep intensity he stood,
And heard himself arraign'd for shedding blood—
“What say you, pris'ner, guilty or not so?”—
—Not guilty! in a tone full deep and low—
He look'd and spoke as tho' to God from man
He would appeal—the witnesses began,
And to the sworn impanell'd jury told
Of footsteps, pocket-knife and hidden gold,
With many other things which seem'd to show
The pris'ner was guilty. Oh what woe
Is felt within that wildly throbbing frame—
It is the pris'ner's *wife*—as evidence she came—
He look'd upon her! Oh, what dark despair,
What untold grief, what mighty love was there!
Their glances meet, and now are raised in pray'r;
Tho' dreadful seem'd his fate, he could alone
Have borne it all uncrush'd without a groan—

But her's unmann'd him ! Oh, what thoughts
are now

In burning progress passing o'er his brow :
His thoughts revert, he thinks upon the bow'rs
Where first they met in joyous wooing hours.

The scene returns, when with a *husband's*
pride
And *lover's* passion, first he clasp'd his bride,
The world was then in smiles, but now how
changed,
Misfortune first, now guilt, has all estranged—
At least *imputed* guilt, but there is one
Who says he's innocent—her hands upon
The book of God do tremulously rest,
While to her quiv'ring lips the book is press'd.

A moment's pause—her heart is raised in
pray'r
When gath'ring strength from what seem'd
strong despair,

To meet the effort every latent pow'r
 Is firmly rous'd—she swears—"Through every
 hour
 Of that dread night when Rossiter was slain,
 I lay awake rack'd with the toothache's pain,
 And thro' that night my husband from my side
 Did never go until the morning wide
 Had grown to day. His could not be the blow
 That fell'd the victim.—*He a murderer? No!*
 Great God of Heaven, no!—tho' misery came,
 Led by misfortune, on my Henry's name
 None ever dared to fix the brand of guilt or
 shame!"

The effort overcame her—in a swoon
 Her woe was buried, to awake too soon.
 The court was moved—what heart of human
 mould
 Could such a scene unpitying behold?
 But justice, grave, inflexible and stern,
 Will not allow ev'n pity's hand to turn

Her sword away : the trial still goes on,
 Opposing lawyers spend their pow'rs upon
 The doubtful case—next comes the judge's
 charge,

Who states again the evidence at large,
 The jury listen, both with mind and ear,
 Hoping his charge may make the case more
 clear.

“ The footsteps, pocket-knife and hidden gold,”
 He thought, “ against the pris'ner strongly told ;
 Then, there's the evidence of pris'ners wife,
 Which, if you think it true, must save his life,
 But, gentlemen, I fear 'twas *love*, not truth,
 That gave the evidence; therefore her oath
 I think you must with scrutiny receive,
 'Tis yours to credit it, or disbelieve ;
 So, gentlemen, you may retire, and then
 Consult with one another—if again
 Upon mature reflection there should still
 A reasonable doubt remain, you will

Then give it for the pris'ner's benefit,
 Who from the charge of course you must acquit."

As seen above, most anxiously they tried
 For many hours, and yet did not decide,
Nine thought that he was guilty, *three* believed
 Him innocent and all the rest deceived.
 But wearied now of argumental strife,
 Tho' wishing much to save the pris'ners life,
 At last they yield, tho' long they did sustain
 Their opposition—but they think it vain
 To hope that large majority to gain,
 And moved by hunger, by confinement press'd,
 And urged vehemently by all the rest,
 Against *conviction* they consent at last—
 The verdict 's given, and the sentence pass'd.

His wife's a maniac; and 'tween earth and
 heav'n

His spirit from his form is rudely riv'n,
And to the surgery his corpse is given !

A year has pass'd—and on that bed of death
Yon tortur'd wretch is struggling for breath—
Hark ! how he raves—hear—hear him wildly
tell

Of deeds of violence—while fiends of hell
He thinks his audience—see his eye balls glare !
On some dread object—while with hideous stare
They seem as tho' they'd from their sockets leap
To gaze more near, while all his features weep
Cold perspiration—terror, madness, guilt
Proclaim the harden'd murderer who spilt
His blood for which *a guiltless* man was doomed,
For which his wife's crush'd spirit was entomb'd
Within the grave of madness, wild and dread,
A living body with its spirit dead.

In wild delirium the felon raves,
 He sees his victims starting from their graves—
 “ Oh save me from him—ha ! take off his hold !
 I cut his throat—he’s coming for his gold—
 And *Jones* was hang’d—the jury thought ’twas

Jones

That kill’d him—there—see there his bloody
 bones—

He’s got the knife I cut his name on, and
 He’s putting up a gallows—in his hand
 He has the rope—keep off ! I will not hang !”
 And from the bed the raving felon sprang—
 But soon he fell, and writhing, foaming, lay,
 ’Mid groans and curses wild his spirit pass’d
 away.

One of the three who ’gainst conviction gave
 The verdict guilty, heard the murd’rer rave,
 He hung his head in deep and dark dismay,
 And from the dying madman turn’d away ;

The verdict *guilty* on his conscience burns,
 While to his mind the Court-House scene re-
 turns—

He sees again that dark connubial woe,
 “Not guilty” in a tone full deep and low
 Rings in his ears, and also that wild tone,
 When sorrow to despair had darkly grown,
She heav’n invoked, and said “Tho’ mis’ry came
 Led by misfortune, on my Henry’s name
 None ever dared to fix the brand of guilt or
 shame !”

’Tis hard that men should be condemn’d to stay
 From day till night, from night again till day,
 Imprison’d in a guarded jury room,
 And forced, tho’ ’gainst their consciences, to come
 To one decision : why should it not be
 Decided by a full majority
 ’Mong jurors, as ’tis done in Parliament ?
 The few might then have priv’lege to dissent,

As they in councils, congress, senates—then
 Minorities of hungry jurymen
 Would not be forced, *tho' diff'ring, to agree,*
 As was the case with our dissenting three.

'Tis true, 'twould not have saved the pris'ner's
 life,
 Or from insanity preserv'd his wife,
But 'twould have saved the consciences of those
Who sacrificed their conscience to repose.

A nation once (it is not now a nation)
 Sought thus to carry on its legislation,
 By forcing her aristocratic Diet
 To be *unanimous* in every fiat ;
 By which wise law, one proud capricious peer
 Could veto any bill, unless withheld by fear.
 One time it chanced, a law which all but one
 Wished much to pass, but it could not be done,
 For one old noble, in despite of all,
 The bill would always veto or blackball ;

Then no alternative remain'd but one—
 To meet without this stubborn peer—'twas done,
 They shut the door to keep his lordship out,
 But he, suspecting what they were about,
 Climb'd on the roof, and down the stove-flue
 went,
 Into the stove, where he remain'd close pent,
 And mark'd their progress, close his prison keep-
 ing,
 Till, just at passing, they beheld him peeping,
 All black and sooty, while with sneering grin
 He gave his *veto*—he should then have *in*
 His cranium taken, but he look'd about
 In scornful triumph ; but a sword leap'd out
 Like lightning from its sheath—it glanced and fell
 —His *head* fell with it, as historians tell.
 Thus silenced by this argument, at last
 The bill of course *unanimously* pass'd.

I'd recommend our lawyer legislators,
 Our counsellors, judges, pleaders and debaters,

To try and change their jury laws, and then
 A dozen honest, diff'ring jurymen
 Would not be forced, as now, to chuse between
 Their conscience and convenience—such has
 been

And is the case—then change the legislation,
 Although it may be thought a dang'rous innova-
 tion ;

And add a clause, if such a law is made
 ('Tis just and right) that juries should be paid,
Paid by the country, like my lord the judge—
 Yes—tho' forensic gents may whisper “fudge!”
 We think it hard that all the legal trade,
 From judge to bailiff, should so well be paid,
 And they condemned to spend their means, and
 stay

Three weeks, perhaps, at once, and *get no pay*.

A *lawyer* is another name for rogue—
 Has been a saying very much in vogue,

But this is nothing more than angry spleen,
 For there have sometimes honest lawyers been;
 We recollect an epitaph on one,
 'Twas graven on a Scottish churchyard stone,

“ The Lord works wonders surely now and then,
 Here lies a gudelike honest lawyer-mon.”

'Tis quite amusing, oft, to hear and see
 How well these gentry *quarrelling* agree :
 A well-fleeced client asked the reason why
 (A shrewd old lawyer 'twas who made reply)
 That lawyers seem so angry with each other,
 Yet in a moment link like friend or brother ?
 “ We lawyers do not always what appears,
 Resembling much a common pair of shears,
 Which seem to cut each other, but I ween
They only cut whatever comes between.”

How seldom one misfortune comes alone !
 When losses to embarrassment have grown,

To help him stagg'ring on his downward journey
 Upon him leap a bailiff and attorney ;
 His creditors' own weight he scarce could bear,
 And now he's loaded with another pair,
 Who riot in their hard-wrung legal plunder,
 Till 'neath their weight he sinks completely
 under.

How selfish is mankind, how hard to feel
 For woe of others, if it brings us weal !
 What cares a conqueror for nations' groans,
 If he can mount their abdicated thrones—
 A doctor's sorrow for his friend's *disease*
 Is neutralized by pocketing *his fees*.

A patron's loss might often cause despair,
 If 'twere not that the mourner is *his heir*.
 Lawyers and bailiffs for distress would feel,
 If int'rest did not all their bosoms steel ;
 Like vultures ravenous, and fungi, they
 Luxuriate and fatten on decay.

But lawyers *naturally* are no worse
 Than they who 'gainst them often rail and curse,

And he who suffers might be nothing better
 Were he a *limb of law* instead of *debtor*.
 But then a law in justice should be pass'd,
 To stop expense from running up so fast;
 That ev'ry legal limb should be ungown'd
 Who more for costs than ten or twenty pounds
 Should ever charge,—that sheriffs never shall
 Collect for costs but half the principal;
 But now just Noticeing for trial oft
 Will sink the *principal below the cost*;
 But the best remedy discover'd yet,
 For all these evils is, *keep out of debt*.

The jail and court-house you above were
 shewn,
 And from the text a long discourse has grown,
 The market-house may next your eye command,
 And now the church between it and the strand,
 A handsome structure, whose ascending spire
 Seems in the solar radiance all on fire.

There are three other buildings, whence arise
 Of prayer and praise to heav'n the sacrifice :
 May gospel truth for ever brightly beam
 Within their wall's--the glorious gospel theme
 Be sounded loud--loud may Hosanas ring
 In heavenly song to heaven's Eternal King ;
 Now from these buildings to the left you turn,
 And see the knightly castle of Dundurn,
 Built by a bold aspiring speculator
 A Lawyer, Colonel,—yes, and something greater
 Who while McKenzie Navy Island sway'd
 Commanded our irregular brigade,
 Where bravely brandishing his bloodless rapier
 The gallant Speaker won the style, Sir Napier ;
 Like all who mount aloft on fortune's wheel,
 He has his foes as well as those who feel
 Pleased at his rise ; conflicting praise and blame
 Are blown alike by fluctuating fame,
 For Rumor, like the constellation Crab,
 Goes both ways, when she's speaking of M'Nab.

But this in justice must at least be said,
His speculations gave mechanics bread,
And sent the town most rapidly ahead.

Near his you see another building rise,
The fruit of bold commercial enterprise, }
A massy structure, elegant and plain,
Where opulence and comfort jointly reign ;
If at his place you would admiring tarry
To ask the owner's name, 'tis *Colin Ferrie*,
A wealthy ground proprietor in fee,
And also is a member of P. P.,
And superintendent of the *paper-mine*,
High priest of Mammon's temple, at whose shrine
The gold and silver offerings are paid,
And paper pray'rs and promises are made :
The heart and reservoir, which fills and drains
The wide extended arteries and veins
Of wholesome trade and bloated speculation,
With ebb and flow in constant fluctuation.

Sometimes she fills their veins to overflowing,
 And speculation seems to grandeur growing,
 To walk in gold and soar on di'mond wings,
 And scatter 'mong her train the lavish'd wealth
 of kings,

But oft we see the bloated bubble burst,
 And all the land with *bankruptcy is curst*.

Some other buildings worthy of my song
 There are, but they would make my list too long.

While houses closely ranged, or scatter'd wide
 'Tween town and country, do the scene divide,
 As usual built in ev'ry varying style,
 From flueless cabin to the handsome pile,
 While rolling waggons and loud-lowing kine,
 With bark of dog and squeal of hunted swine
 Caught thieving in some poorly-*closed* enclosure
 That leaves the crop to hazardous exposure,
 Are heard in distant rumbling squealing chorus,
 Brought by the wind that's gently blowing o'er

Upon the mountain's base, beneath our feet,
 Embower'd in woods you see *his* rural seat
 Whose name is giv'n to the town, along
 Which we have sought to twine the flow'rs of
 song ;

When first I saw it, some ten years ago,
 A scatter'd village then was Hamilton,
 It shortly after took a sudden *start*,
 And now it stands a brisk commercial mart ;
 Anticipation looks thro' future years
 —The town is gone—a city then appears,
 While all her suburb mountain-heights around
 With castles, villas, and chateaux are crown'd,
 Where urbine grandeur, wooing nature's charms,
 Is clasp'd in rural beauty's flow'ry arms,
 And science plants her Academic bow'rs,
 While from their'midst her classic temple tow'rs.
 May bright prosperity for ever claim
 The—town or city for her own domain,
 Thy sons for ever fraud and vice eschew,
 Thy maidens modest and thy matrons true.

There's nothing in this world so lovely seen
 As lovely woman clad in virtue's sheen,
 And if Religion then with hallow'd light
 Shines on her soul, she seems an angel quite,
 Bright as a sunbeam in a dungeon's night.
 So look'd fair Eve before the serpent he
 Had led our mother to the Upas tree
 Of deadly knowledge, whose envenom'd taste
 Made man a slave, and paradise a waste.

It is not good for man to be alone—
 Was said by Him who made and fills the throne
 Of universal empire, and He made
 Woman for man, his counsellor and aid;
 And tho' some peevish bachelors may rail
 And crack their jests, as worthless, old and stale
 As they themselves—despite their single life.
 'Tis good for man to have a virtuous wife
 His bliss to heighten and his griefs to share,
 And gild with smiles of joy the brow of care.

These thoughts are commonplace and plain—not
new—

We would such *wives were also common too.*

Some say that marriage is a lottery,
Some say that in our choice we may be free,
And other some, 'tis done by destiny.

If to the ground a sparrow cannot fall
Without His knowledge who created all,
And ev'ry individual rooted hair
That clusters round the forehead dark or fair,
By him is number'd—then we may believe
That He to each does his companion give.
Just think how much on marriage may depend,
And who can know when these results will end.
See yonder pair before the altar stand,
'Tis Cupid calls for Hymen's holy band ;
Years pass away, and well the first command—
“Increase and multiply and fill the land”—
They have obey'd—a num'rous fam'ly spring,
And round the fire they form a smiling ring.

Soon, like their parents, they begin to pair
 With husbands fond and maidens young and fair ;
 "Increase and multiply" is still in force,
 And they obey it like their sires, of course
 Twelve families are now produced from one,
 And twelve again from these ; when that is done
 Thus they will onward till the end of time.

Thro' ev'ry kingdom, country, state and clime
 Their fruitful progeny is scatter'd wide,
 Increasing with a still-increasing tide—
 —All have descended from that single pair,
 The bridegroom fond and bride then young and
 fair ;

If to a marriage such results belong,
 And from one pair such countless numbers throng,
 Then who would say but Providence or Fate,
 Not reckless chance, did those two lovers mate ?
 They who're to leave no offspring in their stead
 Without the pale of destiny may wed

By *choice or chance*, not they whose love gives
birth

To future races to replenish earth,
And, when extinguish'd are both earth and time,
To people heaven with a race sublime,
Who shall exist while heav'n itself shall last,
Nor die but when eternity be past,
Then sure the cause whence such results proceed
Must be the work of Providence indeed,
For more important than *the sparrow's life*,
Or *numb'ring hairs*, is *joining man and wife*.
Tho' chance is busy with her lottery,
Tho' choice will boldly boast that she is free,
They're but the slaves of ruling Destiny.

I do not wish to blame the *gentle sex*,
I would reform them, tho' I would not vex,
But some there are who do not gentle seem,
Their husband's faults become their daily theme
—To him they're *peevish, sullen, dark and cold*,
Or never *warm* excepting when they *scold*.

Love hides a multitude of faults—but hate
 Exposes all, and new ones will create—
 I own that husbands oft are in the wrong,
 And well deserve the censure of my song,
 Who seem resolv'd their happiness to mar,
 And throw the gauntlet for domestic war.

When storms of heaven on the earth descend,
 The safest for the willow is—*to bend*,
 And prudent wives, who such disputes would fly,
 Upon the ground will let the gauntlet lie,
 And then the storm, so angry, wild and cruel,
 Will die away itself for want of fuel.

A couple, once, who loved enough to wed,
 Soon found that from their dwelling peace had
 fled ;
 The matron to a *spae-wife* went and told
 How her mad spouse did furiously scold,
 And then requested some bewitching charm
 His matrimonial turbulence to calm ;

With this the sybil willingly complied,
 And gave a phial fill'd with chrystal tide—
 "The charm you wish does this bright phial
 hold,
 And when your spouse begins in rage to scold,
 Take some of this within your mouth—the
 while
 Altho' he frowns, do you be sure to smile,
 And keep it in your lips till he is done,
 And soon all will be clear as is the noonday sun."
 She tried it oft—as oft the *charm* work'd well,
 And oft she prais'd the sibyl's witching spell,
 Less and less frequent was the angry jar,
 And almost ended all domestic war.

'Twas simply this, if for the charm you seek,
 With this within her lips she could not speak,
 And could not fiery altercation court,
 As was her wont before, by sharp retort.
 Pride may reject the moral this would teach,
 Yet we would recommend the sibyl's charm to
 each ;

And if you will your husband's temper school,
 Then do it mildly, only when he's cool ;
 But never war against his follies wage,
 When half besides his wits with angry rage,
 For this will make his errors bloom afresh,
 And surely will not make your own the less.
 You see I've lectured long on *matrimony*,
 Altho' *I* never said the *moon* call'd *honey*,
 But then I've seen enough, and so have you,
 To prove, what has been said is far too true.

From ev'ry place we find a pathway leading,
 With num'rous thought on num'rous subjects
 breeding,
 But now once more we'll turn Pegasus' rein,
 And come unto our scenery again,
 Now raise your vision, and while glancing o'er
 Near where yon sandy rampart meets the shore,
 Beyond the bay a rising town you view,
 Call'd after him who blazed at Waterloo !

Who tow'ring high on "conquest's crimson
wings,"

Met in full shock the Emperor of kings !

Who sought all thrones to darken and eclipse,

And like the Angel in the Apocalypse,

As an imperial deity to stand

With one foot on the sea and one on land,

And then to mount a universal throne,

And wield the sceptre of the world alone.

For years on *land* he seem'd omnipotent,

And kings and nations at his sceptre bent,

But when he sought his footsteps to sustain

With naval bulwarks on th' unconquer'd main,

Britannia hurl'd her bolts athwart the wave,

And to the ocean-depths his broken bulwarks
gave ;

And since, on land her thunder bolts of war

Have hurl'd him from his high imperial car,

And Britain's lion, standing o'er its tomb,

Pluck'd from the bird of France his blood-
stained laurel plume.

Beyond the square, perhaps a mile or more,
 Upon a bleak uncultivated shore,
Port Nelson stands, a desolate abortion,
 To speculating fools a useful caution,
 Some dozen shells and skeletons arose,
 There fix'd, the embryo town no further goes ;
 Ev'n Nelson's name could not its life ensure,
 Or make it prosper with a scite so poor ;
 "Great names to little things are oft applied,"
 To puff a bubble on the glitt'ring tide
 Of speculation, while the anxious throng
 In struggling jostling hurry drive along,
 His fortune's made who gains the treasure first—
 —The first has gained it—'tis a bubble burst!

Beyond Port Nelson, some five miles or more,
 The village Bronte rises on the shore,
 A name by Naples to the hero given,
 When flying France was from the ocean driven ;
 The title Duke of Bronte—Duke of Thunder !
 Was justly giv'n to England's naval wonder.

With his last thunderbolt his spirit pass'd,
 His mightiest, deadliest effort, and his last ;
 Like *him* subdued by base Delila's charms,
 Who lost his glory in her witching arms,
 Like him in death he struck his deadliest blow,
 Their spirits pass'd away, 'mid triumphs o'er
 the foe.

One died 'mid crashing columns, gods and bones,
 While pagan scoffs were drown'd in pagan
 groans,

The other died 'mid cannons thund'ring, flashing,
 'Mid spirits flying from their wounds all gashing,
 'Mid shouts of vict'ry, groans and timbers crash-
 ing,

'Mid blazing ships to broken splinters riven,
 Wild ocean *hells* in fragments hurl'd to heaven !
 He too had his Delila, branding shame
 Eternal on his great undying name.

In mem'ry of the *chief*, and where he *died*,
 Two townships meet on the indented tide,

Both *Nelson* and *Trafalgar* side by side,
Two words that war has given to renown,
To trumpet till a mightier trumpet drown
Her many voices—when the hero's name
Shall perish with the god he worshipp'd, Fame.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

THE INFANT WANDERER.

The following Poem, on the loss of the Author's sister, who strayed in the woods on the 17th of April, 1827, at the age of two and a half years, is almost his earliest production, and whatever may be the opinion of its literary merit, it has one thing at least to recommend it—it is a *literal* description of the most distressing event it ever was his lot to witness.

What mean those notes of woe? that anguish
wild!

The oft-repeated words—my child! my child!
—A well-known voice—it is my mother's cry,
Her words are woe, her look is agony—
That child is lost! in wild maternal wail
Now Ellen! Ellen! mounts upon the gale—
And Ellen! Ellen! echo hill and dale!

What hurry—what dismay in ev'ry look!
With speed we search the well, the running
brook,

The barn, the cellar, brushwood, field and swamp,
The sunny hills and glens all dark and damp.

With more than courier's speed the tidings fly,
Our friends and neighbors kindly make reply
By hast'ning to our aid, and as they come,
Ask how and when she wander'd from her home,
“ Thro' yonder wood the elder children went
To drive some cattle, by their mother sent—
The child has follow'd—tho' none saw her stray
Her tiny footsteps mark the sandy way.
It chanced, a man had call'd the day before
To get of scholars' names the usual *score*,
Intending, if it would the neighbors suit,
“ To teach the young idea how to shoot ;”
The children all were pleased, the thing was new,
And Ellen said, “ Mamma, may I go too ?”
“ Oh yes, my dear shall go to school,” and so
She thought the rest had gone, and she would
also go.

They now disperse—the woody mazes search,
 Where grows the cedar and the shady birch,
 Every thicket, every nook explore,
 Trace and retrace their mazes o'er and o'er.

The sun is sinking—Oh delay thy race !
 Hide not so soon from earth thy cheering face.
 O wouldst thou now, as once on Gibeon's height,
 Prolong thy stay, and thus keep back the night,
 Then might we hope this wand'ring child to save
 From rav'ning wolves and bears, a *tombless*
grave.

Vain thought—he sets—his flight no pow'r can
 hold

But His who did from ancient chaos mould
 The vast creation—and His eye can pierce
 Thro' thickest night—Oh save from prowlers
 fierce

This wand'ring babe until the coming morn,
 Then guide us where she strays all helpless and
 forlorn.

'Tis night, reluctantly we wander home ;
 All ling'ring and disconsolate we come,
 My father on his children looks around
 With tearless grief—"Your sister is not found!"
 His voice of woe falls deadly, dark and cold
 On all our hearts with agony untold.

Hope could not bear the sound—tho' fain to
 stay,
 She slowly flapp'd her wings and soar'd away,
 Despair replaced her, who with fun'ral wing
 Ready to perch had long been hovering,
 She ever urges Hope's unwilling flight,
 Ready to seize her abdicated right.

My little brothers to mama do say,
 "Poor Ellen's lost—she cannot find her way."

"Come light the torches—let us try once
 more"—

Again we go and search the forest o'er,

Intently listening oft with straining ear,
Hoping an infant's voice or sigh to hear :
But vain's our list'ning—all our searching vain,
There is no hope 'till night is on the wane :
Home we return impatient for the dawn,
Meanwhile the hapless wanderer we mourn.

Morn has return'd—we eye with fearful look
The ice thick frozen on the playful brook,
We fear the pow'r that seized the rippling flood
May have congeal'd the currents of her blood,
And stopp'd the efforts of that little tongue
That often cried "mama" the trees among ;
To hear her call no fond mama was nigh,
To soothe her grief, or falling tear to dry.

The sun is up—our friends from far and near,
With hast'ning neighbors thronging on appear,
And now a host has gather'd on the lawn,
With anxious hearts to find her lone sojourn.

—With short discussion we arrange a plan
 For careful search, by ranging man by man
 All in a line, with little space between,
 That, nought escaping, all might plain be seen.

Behold my father's venerable form
 Oppress'd by grief—an oak bent by the storm—
 His grief too deep for tears—no tears do flow—
 An image of unutterable woe,
 Yet does not sink : he turns his gaze on high—
 See, hope has gleam'd athwart his agony.

Four furlongs from our house, the Credit holds
 Its winding way, all shaded, clear and cold,
 Here rests one flank of our extended line ;
 Now on we march in order—all combine
 Strict care with speed, to search the brake and
 brush,
 Each hollow log, each streamlet, swamp, and
 bush,

And thus we journey on thro' hill and dale.
 —Hark, rustic trumpets loud our ears assail—
 Again they flourish, longer, louder, higher !
 Away we dash thro' brushwood, brake and briar.

My elder brother, 'bout a mile from home,
 On Credit's banks beheld two neighbours come
 Down to the ford—the stream was greatly
 swollen

By melting snows and rains that late had fallen,
 They could not cross—he quickly bade them go
 Down where the channel's broad, the water low :
 They quickly cross, land on a little isle,
 Conversing of the wand'ring babe the while—
 They start—they listen—hear a mournful sound
 —What's this ? what have we here ? the child
 is found !

A fallen tree across the water lay,
 O'er this she found her narrow, dang'rous way ;
 The island had been clear'd two years before,
 A crop of wheat the fruitful island bore,

And had been stack'd, tho' now 'twas ta'en away :
 Among the rails which fenced it, there she lay
 Crouch'd on the rotten straw, all cold and lone,
 On head and knees, with scarcely strength to
 moan.

Not long they loiter—in their arms she's raised,
 While fervently exclaiming—God be praised !
 The man who bears her finds, tho' closely press'd,
 She closer clings to his exulting breast.

—They leave the isle, meet stragglers on the road
 By whom the tidings fly to our abode —
 She's found ! she's found ! now flies upon the
 gale—

She's found ! she's found ! re-echo hill and dale.
 Her mother scarce believes it, yet she flies
 And meets the groupe, joy dancing in all eyes :
 Some matrons with maternal feelings sought
 To take her, but she scream'd, and would have
 fought

To stay with him who from the island bore
 Her, tho' she ne'er had seen his face before.

Her mother comes—she hears the well-known
sound,

And sudden starts. and gazes wildly round,
With eager joy she throws her willing arms
Around her mother safe from all alarms,
Like ivy to the elm—no winds can sever—
She clings as tho' she'd fondly cling for ever.

These tidings, yet, my father does not know,
He's where the hemlocks thick entangled grow
Almost impervious to the foot of man,
And there his solitary search began,
For much he fear'd that we in passing through
Would not its ev'ry maze and thicket view,
And oft he call'd upon his long-lost child
Amid this dreary solitary wild,
“O Ellen, Ellen, answer me, my dear,
Alas, your father's voice you cannot hear.”
—A gun is fired—he hears the startling sound,
With interest intense his heart does bound—

But hope revived is quickly chill'd by *fear*,
 "It is some hunter's gun, who's wand'ring near."
 --Another shot! "It is, it must be so,
 The child is found!" Away like bounding roe
 He flies along; now he has reach'd the goal,
 Who can describe the transports of his soul?
 I shall not try—for, failing to conceive,
 Who can portray them? and the theme I leave.

ON PERSEVERANCE.

"Nil desperandum--ne'er despair,"
 The darkest night must end in day,
 Let Perseverance always dare
 To be successful, and she may.

O'er Scotland, long misfortune low'red,
 And still the storms did fiercely roll,
 When on a couch lay Scotland's lord,
 Her fates hung heavy on his soul.

He saw a spider try in vain
 Eleven times to climb a wall ;
 Tho' oft it fell, it tried again
 The twelfth, and then it did not fall.

"Then ne'er despair," the monarch cried ;
 Eleven times did Scotland turn
 From England's pow'r--but England's pride
 Was humbled low on Bannockburn.

Thus tho' the winds and waves should all
 In adverse fury round thee rave,
 Still *Persevere*--'tis duty's call,
 And trust in Providence to save.

V E R S E S.

Composed upon the Death of the Author's Father, and
sung at his Funeral, on the 10th of February, 1833.

His spirit now has wing'd its way
To regions of eternal rest,
Where beams of unexpiring day
Illume the mansions of the blest.

He now has join'd yon radiant train
That sing Emanuel's lofty praise,
Who left His bright eternal reign,
That He might them to glory raise.

O matchless boon, divinely grand,
Beyond the bounds of human thought,
By no created genius plann'd,
By no created genius wrought :

But wrought and plann'd by Him who bade
This world from gloomy chaos rise,
By Him whose high volition made
The lofty fabric of the skies.

By Him who wore the thorny crown,
That we a glorious crown might wear,
Who laid His life an offering down
That we might reign in glory there.

O grant us, tho' on earth we part,
A glorious meeting in the skies,
Where griefs no more distract the heart,
Replete with bright eternal joys.

S T A N Z A S

To the memory of a beloved Sister, who died in the autumn of 1837, at the age of 23, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality beyond death and the grave; and not the least joyous part of her prospect was the hope of meeting her father who had gone before.

Her form is now laid in its funeral rest,
But we may not seek for her spirit there ;
The grave is never the home of the blest,
It is far beyond the earth and air.

She has gone to mingle with kindred minds,
Where flow'rs of Eden so brightly bloom,
To gather the fruit from its clust'ring vines ;
Then why should we mourn for those in the
tomb ?

She was borne by angels on pinions bright,
Her father has welcomed his child to the sky,
She has gazed on Jehovah's throne of light,
And bask'd in the beam of Emanuel's eye.

She has quench'd her thirst at the living tide
That flows from his throne o'er a diamond
strand,
And gather'd the fruit that grows by its side,
From the tree of life in the spirit land.

Her father has ask'd her what news from earth,
How her mother, her brothers and sisters fare ?
She has told him, and oh ! it well were worth
A world but to witness their converse there.

L I N E S

Suggested while listening one evening in Toronto to the harmony of female voices engaged in sacred song. My sister, mentioned above, was one of the tuneful number. Though her voice is now hushed on earth, it is heard, no doubt, in higher harmony in heaven!

Oft when the joys of heav'n we sing,
Our fancies take a glorious flight,
Our hearts ascend with equal wing
Beyond the utmost bounds of night,

Up to the throne of God, where all
The radiant hosts of heav'n combine
To do him homage, as they fall
And sing in melody divine

The wonders of redeeming love.

The glories of the heav'nly world,
So far below, so far above

Our thoughts, howe'er so wide unfurl'd.

Hark, how the swelling anthems roll

The vast circumference along,
Kindling in every heart and soul
The glorious ecstasy of song.

And millions more of kindred flame

Shall join that bright celestial choir,
Who celebrate the glorious name
Which all their hearts and songs inspire.

S T A N Z A S.

I saw thee only *once*,

Thou mayst not remember me,
But many a time I've thought,
Yes, a thousand times of thee.

I shall not say I love thee,
That that passion wild and deep,
At thy first touch upon its chords
Did o'er my bosom sweep.

Yet I could wish that if thou art
But what thou seem'st to be,
That Providence—oh yes—would link
My destinies with thee :

That thou shouldst be that bosom friend
So long, so vainly sought,
Whose image Hope and Fancy oft
To loveliness have wrought,

And then that image they enshrined
 Within a halo's light,
 With future happiness and bliss
 All gloriously bright.

But oft the visions of young hearts
 No more than visions prove—
 Yet where's the heart so dead and cold,
That would not wish to love.

Some years ago, the Author was at the wedding of a friend in the township of Toronto, when after having assisted as *best man* at the ceremony, he recited the following lines, which were prepared for the occasion.

If bliss on earth or happiness below
 Is ever known, 'tis when the genial glow
 Of two fond hearts, with virtuous feeling fraught,
 In marriage bands unite, when ev'ry thought

And wish on earth is to increase the bliss
Of those they fondly love—when hearts like these
At Hymen's altar blend, when soul with soul
In sweet-toned unison, while at the goal,
Responds the ties of duty and of love,
While her fond lips so tremulously move.

Then all the happiness that *man* may find,
While link'd in closest harmony of mind,
Is surely theirs, and they will pass thro' life,
'Mid peaceful pleasures, happy man and wife.

The following was published some years ago in the periodical for which it was written—but the wish contained in the third verse was as vain as such wishes often are.

For the Hamilton Garland.

The rising genius of the land
 The Garland's page with lib'ral hand
 Bedecks with many a gem ;
 They range the muses' radiant bow'rs,
 Selecting bright poetic flow'rs
 From each perennial stem.

And not to poetry alone,
 Or thoughts conveyed in music's tone,
 Their efforts are confined ;
 They search among the realms of prose
 For thoughts ne'er waken'd from repose
 Before, to charm mankind.

Long may the Garland's pages shine
 With gems of thought in song divine,
 While virtue brightly reigns ;
 Long may it cause the latent fire
 Of genius to awake the Lyre,
 . . And sing in lofty strains

The charms of virtue and of love,
 Religion's pow'r all else above.

And may they also sing
 Of Canada's wild scenery,
 Yet scarcely known in minstrelsy :
 Their muse on freedom's wing

Should also mount, tho' we require,
 Thank heav'n, no sanguinary lyre,
 Or bold Marseilloise hymn,
 To rouse our youth to break in twain
 The tyrant's heavy galling chain
 From off the fetter'd limb,

Yet we should teach our youth to prize

The Constitution—in your eyes

Let her be sacred still;

Guard *her*, and she will guard *our* rights

'Gainst tyranny, which with'ring blights

All *good* to nurture *ill*.

TWO DESCRIPTIONS OF LOVE,

The Author, and we presume the reader, will prefer
the latter.

Some Beauties have the pow'r

By one bright triumphant glance,

With mystic spells to bind the soul

In painful pleasing trance ;

With no twilight in their passion,

Alternate blaze or gloom,

Black despair, or ecstasy,

Malaria* or perfume.

* A pestilential vapour.

But some have not the pow'r
To print the god of love
At one bold stroke upon the heart,
From which he may not move.

But like the painter's pencilling,
Theirs is the work of time,
'Tis after various efforts
That the portrait glows sublime.

With many a grace, and tender glance,
And many a nameless charm,
They twine themselves around the heart,
And all our pow'rs disarm.

And love like this is pure
As the bosoms it inspires,
Love like this is lasting,
And bright as vestal fires.

It is founded on esteem,
 And it brighter beams with years,
 And when the hearts it warms are cold,
 'Twill glow beyond the spheres.

THE FAIRY AND THE DEW-DROP.

The sunbeams changed to gem of light
 A dew-drop on a flow'ret bright,
 A Fairy saw the dazzling prize,
 Which rivalled elfin beauty's eyes,
 He touch'd the gem with magic wand,
 Then took the di'mond in his hand,
 Which, petrified by mystic power,
 He bore away to elfin bower,
 Where peerless 'mong the sylphs of light
 He found his own dear lady sprite,
 And gave the gem—then snatch'd a kiss,
 Tho' chid by pouting faery miss.

To _____.

Oh who can know, but those who feel
 The bursting sigh—the burning tear—
 The agonising gloom of soul,
 And prospects drear.

That come like mildew o'er the bloom
 Of early flow'rs, when all their charms
 Are sinking down to Beauty's tomb
 In Spring's young arms,

Oh who can know, but those who feel
 The sorrows of that aching heart,
 Where Love lies buried, ne'er *to live*
Or to depart.

Yet I forgive thee, but at first,
 Altho' the feeling might be new,
 I gave thee all my love, with half
My anger too.

You think, perchance, you acted right,
 But 'twas not kind to wound me so,
 'Twas you alone who had the pow'r
 To strike the blow :

And when you saw the wound was given,
 Did you no compunction feel,
 Did no tender sorrow through
 Thy bosom steal,

To think thou canst not feel for others,
 No, I would not wrong thee so,
 I know thou feelest, and for them
 Thy tears would flow.

And canst thou, then, not feel for him
 Whose heart enshrines thee in its core,
 To whom thou must be dear as life
 Till life is o'er.

And when that life is near its close,
 My spirit hast'ning to be free,
 'Twill linger on the earth awhile
To pray for thee.

And when that grave is cov'ered o'er,
 If thou perchance shouldst wander near,
 You'll think of him who loved thee so,
 And shed a tear.

But we shall meet in brighter worlds,
 Where griefs nor blighted hopes are known,
 We'll meet in glory, and before
 Jehovah's throne.

And oft we'll heavenly converse hold
 Of earthly thoughts and passions past,
 For love like this of mine for thee
 In heav'n must last.

L I N E S

Written in a Lady's Album.

You ask me, lady, to produce
 A friendly off'ring from my lyre ;
 When ladies call, who may refuse ?
 'Tis they who sweetest strains inspire.

Oh could I reach Parnassus' height,
 Amid my glorious wandering
 I'd gather flow'rs of peerless light,
 'Mid grandeur and beauty's revelling,

Cull'd by a bold aspiring hand,
Guided by Fancy's moonlight gleamings,
Where sportive sylph and odors bland
Commingle in poetic dreamings ;

Where the bless'd spirit of the lyre
Moves o'er its chords in bright revealings,
Kindling every soul to fire
With passionate ecstatic feelings.

And lady, when the wreath was won,
To thee I'd dedicate the flow'rs,
To blossom in thine album fair,
An off'ring from the muses' bow'rs.

A MORNING REVERIE.

Now Night has flown on ebony wing,
And ta'en the west in its journeying,
To cover with shroud and canopy
The verdant isles of the southern sea.

Lovelier far than brightest noon
Now morning comes—Apollo's boon ;
Sweet music wakes 'mong the silent trees,
And floats along on the balmy breeze.

While Spring's young offspring sport around,
Waked by the morn from rest profound,
And the heart is fill'd with buoyant glee
At the smile of day's bright infancy.

'Tis like the joy of the mother's breast,
 When her infant son awakes from rest,
 And sees on his cheek the first bright smile,
 In transport kissing him the while.

'Tis the first bright intellectual gleam
 Of reason's sun—the morning beam
 Shewing the workings of the soul,
 As from his eye o'er his cheek it stole,

While pure tho' evanescent joy
 Glow'd in the breast of the infant boy,
 Bright as the beam in the tremulous gem
 That spangles the slender flow'ret's stem.

The sunbeams kiss'd the budding rose,
 And waked it from its sweet repose,
 It open'd its leaves on the orb to gaze,
 And receiv'd those tints which its form displays.

Now on it sits the Fairy Queen,
 Who by poet's eyes alone is seen,
 A gossamer robe arrays the sprite,
 'Tis form'd of the golden beams of light,

By her maidens woven in mystic loom
 With meteor-shuttle by light o' the moon ;
 Obsequious maids of honor wait
 Around their lady potentate,

Or gambolling in sportive glee
 They bound o'er the dew-bespangled lea.
 Some chace the birds thro' the sunny air,
 Some dance on the back of tim'rous hare,

And while it starts with panting fright,
 Loud shouts and laughs each merry sprite.
 But the Queen has call'd them from their play,
 And quick as an echo they all obey.

The sun had touch'd the pearly dew,
And away the liquid amber flew,
And as it rose on the morning air,
It bore perfume from the flow'rets fair.

From verdant vale and vocal hill,
Where sunbeams dance on the murmuring rill,
For the *beam* only made them gems of light
To take them away on its pinions bright.

But away in pursuit of the fugitive dew
The fairy has sent her retinue,
To gather the odor it stole away,
When touch'd by the golden beams of day.

But along those beams it soars afar,
Where each brilliant gem becomes a star,
Unseen they float in the azure high,
'Till Sol has sunk in the western sky,

When they gild with clear bespangling light
The sable canopy of night,
Till darkness flies, when each liquid globe
Comes down to adorn Aurora's robe

She spreads upon the lap of Spring,
When Love and Joy are dallying :
Thus in succession, morn and even,
They're dew on earth and stars in heaven.

But quick as thought each fairy sprite
Has follow'd the dew to its azure height,
They gather the odour in elfin flask,
And merrily end their airy task,

Then fly with speed to their shining Queen,
And dance with glee on the sylvan green,
Till lo ! she raises her royal wand,
And away they all fly to fairy land.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I love that sweet engaging smile
That plays around thy cheek,
I love that look so soft and bland
That does of virtue speak ;

And speaks a mind of innocence,
Than di'monds purer far,
Like spirits that might dwell within
Yon lonely evening star.

Thou'rt young, just blossoming amid
Life's sweet romantic hours ;
Hope bends her rainbow in the skies,
And spreads the earth with flow'rs.

That rainbow is but shining mist,
 Those flow'rs will fade away,
 Yet who would not *admire* their charms,
 And *love* them while they stay ?

Sweet girl, I shall not wish thy sky
 For ever bright and fair,
 That wish were vain—for all on earth
 There's mingled joy and care.

But oft from clouds the evening sky
 Its brightest hues does borrow,
 And cups of joy are sweetest oft
 Drain'd from the hand of sorrow.

But may you feel, if clouds should rise
 In darkness o'er thy mind,
 That *next to happiness* is this—
 In *grief to be resign'd*.

May He, whose smile is light and life,
 That smile bestow on thee,
 Then thou art gloriously safe,
 And bright thy destiny.

AN EPIGRAM.

That "all is but vanity under the sun,"
 Is a maxim as true as 'tis old;
 And long as our orb thro' the heav'ns shall run,
 So long shall the truth of it hold;

But the proverb's true meaning is misunderstood,
 You suppose it condemns worldly pleasure,
 With all that the worldling may value as good,
 Fame, loveliness, glory and treasure.

But the revellers wait till the *sun* has gone down,
 'Ere they journey to revel or ball;
 So 'tis *under the stars* that their pleasure is found,
 Surely this you don't *vanity* call.

TO FANNY.

I love the bright and soft blue eye
That doth to words of love reply,
I love the lily and the rose
That on a maiden's cheek repose ;
But more, far more, I love to find
The fairer lily of the mind.
Sweet girl, combined in thee I trace
The loveliness of mind and face.
Thy innocence and virtue pure,
Which will, when beauty fades, endure,
A mystic chain around me cast,
And bound my destinies so fast,
Unto thy pow'r I must resign
Till, Fanny, you submit to mine.

AN ACROSTIC.

J oyful and sweet are the hours of spring,
 A nd sweet is the songster's warbling,
 N ature is then as bright as her flow'rs,
 E mpearl'd with dew in the morning hours.

S o also bright is the summer's bloom,
 I n glory she waves her leafy plume.
 L oved and welcome is autumn time,
 V alued for fruits in plenty and prime.
 E nshrined in frosts is winter wild,
 R aging, he's nature's stormy child,
 T ho' he hears no songster warbling,
 H e has pleasures as well as flow'ry spring.
 O n thee may their choicest blessings flow,
 R ound as the seasons joyous go,
 N ever to bring thee *care or woe*.

THE TIDE OF LOVE.

The following poem is dedicated to those who have felt
the *delicious agony and rapturous wretchedness of Love*.

Floating down the *tide of Love*,
Steering just as passion pleases,
We sail thro' many a flowery grove,
Fann'd by Hope's bewitching breezes.

Sometimes in a magic lake,
Careless if becalm'd or sailing,
Hope her strains of joy will wake,
Spite of Disappointment's wailing.

Hush! she sings the charms of love,
And spreads her fascinations o'er us,
While Beauty's form is seen above,
Joining in the thrilling chorus.

Now we'll clasp her glowing charms
 —No! she's vanish'd like a vision,
 Vacancy is in our arms,
 Despair in darkling gloom has risen,

Clouding all her brilliant sky,
 Gardens bright to deserts changing—
 Where Hope's bright palaces rose high,
 Gloomy craggy mountains ranging.

Fiercely now its currents pour—
 Now to ice our blood congealing—
 Dark the mis'ry of that hour,
 Deep the agony of feeling:

Anger, Disappointment, Pride,
 With Love a fearful war are waging,
 Who the trembling bark may guide
 While such combatants are raging;

Shall we unto Prudence flee ?

Has Prudence aught to do with Passion ?

As well the world might hope to see

Propriety controlling Fashion !

Oh where is hope ?—I see her light

Thro' yon rocky opening gleaming—

Avaunt, Despair !—from Beauty bright

The light of Hope again is beaming.

—Forward like the arrow's flight

Down the headlong torrent dashing,

'Mong rocks just seen by fitful light

From electric meteors flashing !

Again Hope's music's in the air,

And the horizon is bright'ning—

“ Faint heart ne'er won lady fair !”

Vanish'd is the storm and lightning.

Follow, then—Hope leads the way,
 Beauty will not fly for ever ;
 Love will bid her feet to stay,
 Love and Hope, O who would sever ?

Love, led by the hand of Hope,
 Makes our earth a blooming heaven,
 But when led by dark Despair,
 Happiness from hearts is riven.

—But what means that double tide ?
 'Tis the stream of love dividing ;
 One is rapid, rough and wide,
 One o'er pearls in chrystal gliding ;

Bearing many a shallop light,
 Each with a lady and her lover ;
 Honey-moon is shining bright,
 Disappointment's reign is over.

—But look down the other stream,
 Many a shallop there is scatter'd,
 Lured too far by love's bright dream,
 Till on sunken breakers shatter'd.

Some essay to struggle back,
 Fearfully with love contending,
 Ev'ry nerve is on the rack,
 Agony each fibre bending.

Others from their woes to flee
 Down the headlong torrent rushing,
 Split on the rock *felo-de-se*—
 See, oh see their life-blood gushing :

Hope promised fair she'd safely lead
 Them all to Hymen's bright dominion,
 But left them in despair to bleed,
 And fled on evanescent pinion.

Thus when we launch on Love's bright tide,
 Our breasts with hope and ardor glowing,
 'Mong bow'rs of bliss we lightly glide,
 On sorrow not a thought bestowing :
 Hope's promises we fain believe,
 Because they are so fairly spoken,
 She does not willingly deceive—
 'Tis want of *pow'r* her word has broken ;
 And when on earth her word is given,
 'Tis often folly to believe her,
 'Tis only when she *speaks from heaven*
That truth and pow'r will never leave her.

A ROUNDELAY.

A votary of love's and thine
 Attempts a roundelay
 In praise of her whose graces shine
 That will not feel decay.

I love to gaze on *nature's* charms,
When Spring 'mid smiles and tears
Gives up to Summer's sunny arms
The young and smiling years.

But tho' she is both bright and fair,
She knows not we admire,
There is no sympathy of soul,
No interchanging fire.

Not so whene'er I gaze on thee,
And meet that glance of light
From eyes of sparkling brilliancy,
That mock the gems of night.

And 'tis not charms of form alone,
But brighter charms of mind,
Give thee those nameless witcheries
That round the feelings wind.

For tho' I'm in Love's prison bound,
 I value more the chain
 Than all the wealth by av'rice found
 In India's richest vein.

Oh wert thou mine—if gracious Heaven
 Would grant the precious boon,
The brightest planet in the skies
Would be our Honeymoon.

TO MRS. RANSOM, OF STREETSVILLE,
 On the Death of a young and lovely Child.

Vain is a mother's tender care,
 Vain a mother's warmest prayer,
 Vain the physician's healing pow'r
 To save thee, lovely little flow'r!
 Vain is its beauty, vain its bloom,
 It only blossoms for the tomb,
 She came to twine around the heart,
 And then, like morning gems, depart.
 Sweet pleasure, like a happy sprite,
 Play'd around her features bright :

A transcript of its mother's charms,
 'Twas infancy in *Beauty's arms*.
 But now how changed—that sunken cheek
 Tells the tale we need not speak,
 While ev'ry throb with keener smart
 Is mirror'd in the mother's heart,
 Till snatch'd from earthly pains and love,
 It soars to bloom in bow'rs above.

TO DONA JULIA.

A contributor to the *Hamilton Casket* and *Garland*.—
 The Author's customary signature was "Newburn."

Who is this sweet poetic "Dona"
 Canadia's muse delights to honor?
 To be a foreign *Spanish* belle,
 She sings in *English* passing well.
 I like her prose—Love and Romance
 Along in solemn sadness dance

—Perhaps you think that *dance* and *woe*
 Each other's company forego?
 So let it be—you may this time
 Condemn the sense, but spare the rhyme.
 But to return—fair Julia Dona,
 I really think thy writings *bonna*—
 If they're a transcript of the mind,
 I rank thee high 'mong womankind!
 —Belle! did I call thee?—thou mayst be
 A wife—but what is that to me?
 And yet, in truth, I wish I knew,
 Not that I'd send a *billet-doux*,
 But all who're climbing manhood's noon
 On *Cupid's* side of *Honeymoon*—
 Are pleased to meet with ladies fair,
 Who, uncontroll'd, no fetters wear,
 Hoping some lovely maid to find
 With sweet, congenial heart and mind—
 Form'd by the destinies above
 To be his constant *lady-love*.

But hold! these lines perchance may rouse
 To jealousy some happy spouse—

Far be it from me that I should raise
An angry matrimonial blaze.

Adieu! still seek the Muses' power,
To wile a leisure, lonely hour:
But worship not the idol Fame--
What can she give thee but a name?
But let thy hopes aspire to Heaven,
From whence immortal life is given!
To all who seek the glorious prize,
Lo! Mercy bending from the skies,
Offers a far more glorious crown
Than by an Alexander worn--
More glorious than the wreath of bays
The loftiest Poet e'er displays.

Adieu! tho' we may never meet
To have a friendly *tete-a-tete*,
Yet if you kindly condescend
Tho' unknown, to write your unknown friend,
'Twill be a favor which, in turn,
May be acknowledged by "Newburn."

MY BIRTH PLACE.

The land of my birth and the land of my sires
 Is Erin, whose name my fond fancy inspires ;
 Thro' my heart it does thrill, the sweet sound of
 her praise

Comes soft o'er my soul, in her own native lays,
 Tho' far from my country, in Canada's wilds ;
 Since childhood I've dwelt, yet her own native
 child

I feel that I am ; and in glory arise,
 When aided by fancy, her sun-gilded skies
 In loveliest grandeur her landscapes appear,
 Mangerton and Mourn in sublimity rear
 Their high-tow'ring summits—the Shannon and
 Boyne ;

The vales which they flow through, to enter the
 brine ;

All rise on my vision, tho' memory's dawn
 Had not shone on my soul, 'ere away I was borne

O'er the broad waves of ocean, to America's
shore,

But Hope whispers oft—"Thou shalt see her
once more."

Yes, see Hospitality's own native isle,

Where Friendship and Love on the wanderer
smile,

To her children the loveliest land in the world ;
And her sons never hope, when their sails are
unfurl'd,

And leaving "the gem of the ocean" behind,
Another so lovely and friendly to find.

NOTES TO HAMILTON.

Book I., Line 3.

The eye is a Daguerreotype which brings
Within the soul all bright created things.

The Daguerreotype is an instrument lately invented by M. Daguerre of France, by which the images of objects beautifully correct in all their delineations of form and coloring, are literally painted by a sunbeam dipped in the hues of heaven, not like the fleeting image

of a mirror, but durable as the colors of an Angelo or a Titian.

Page 21, second line from the bottom.

Like that bright bird in miniature whose song, &c.

A humming-bird actually came to me while engaged in writing upon the mountain, which of course suggested the idea.

Page 23d, Lines 7 and 8,

Should have been marked as a quotation ; they are from Byron's Monody on the Death of Sheridan, where he speaks of the creations of Sheridan's genius as

“ Those wondrous beings of his fancy wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought.”

Book II., last Line.

God's brightest, loveliest and last creation.

There are some who contend that the laws of light are immutable, and therefore the rainbow must have existed before the deluge ; but if this had been the case, what evidence would it have been to the family of Noah that the world would no more be destroyed by a flood ? As to the immutability of the laws of light,—He who made those laws has most assuredly the power to alter them, and it doubtless was as easy to make the necessary alteration to produce a *rainbow* as to create a sun or a world, or even to overwhelm that world by a deluge.

Book III., Page 82. 4th Line from the foot.

Those people now appear to think it strange, &c.

The morning that I commenced the poem, I remained some two or three hours on the top of the mountain, in consequence of which I attracted the attention and curiosity of the inmates of an inn contiguous; they came towards me, and I retired as described in the poem.

Book 4th, Page 110, Line 6.

And all the land with bankruptcy is curst.

The observations here contained are not intended to apply so much to the effects of banking here, as to the commercial explosions caused by the system in other countries.

Book 4th, Page 120, Line 1.

"Beyond the square," &c.—*Wellington Square.*

Same page, Line 3.

Port Nelson stands a desolate abortion.

This and the accompanying lines are not intended so much as a censure upon the individuals, whoever they may be, who attempted to found the village, but to illustrate the danger attending upon unwise speculations.

Same Page, Line 9.

"Great names to little things are oft applied."

Some twelve years ago, there was a meeting at Streetsville, for the purpose of cutting a road across the

country from the town of Guelph (which had lately been founded by the Canada Land Company) to the town of York, now the city of Toronto.

The meeting was attended by the agent of the company, the celebrated Mr. Galt. After the business of the meeting was over (the object of which, by the way, was never accomplished) they dined, and after the cloth had been removed, the author's father, among others, took occasion to address the meeting, when he spoke of the advantages which were *then* expected to be derived to the province by the operation of the Canada Land Company. He also took a complimentary notice of the literary talents and reputation of their distinguished guest, and also of his popularity in this country, which was then unbounded, as an instance of which they had begun to call their villages after his name; and concluded by observing that he had been some time since jolting by the village of Galt, between Guelph and Dundas Street, in a waggon, accompanied by some friends, when he composed and repeated to them the following lines in reference to this subject:

Great names to little things are oft applied,
And some may call it vanity or pride;
Ev'n be it so—they ne'er can be in fault
Who to immortalize their village, call it Galt!

And after the applause which this elicited had subsided, Mr. Galt observed "That he was not aware of there having been a poet in company."

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